

# The Golden Garden of the Poets







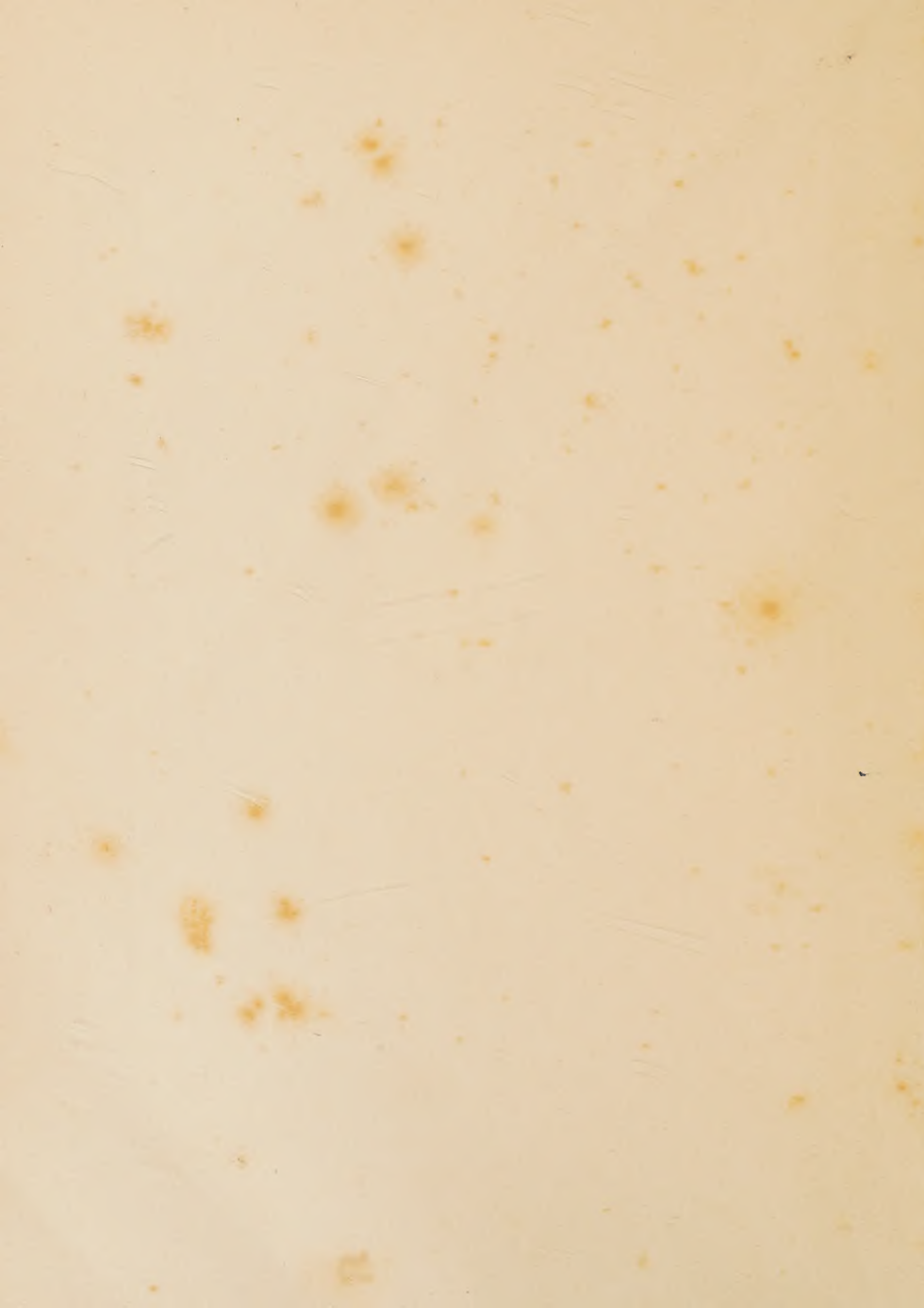






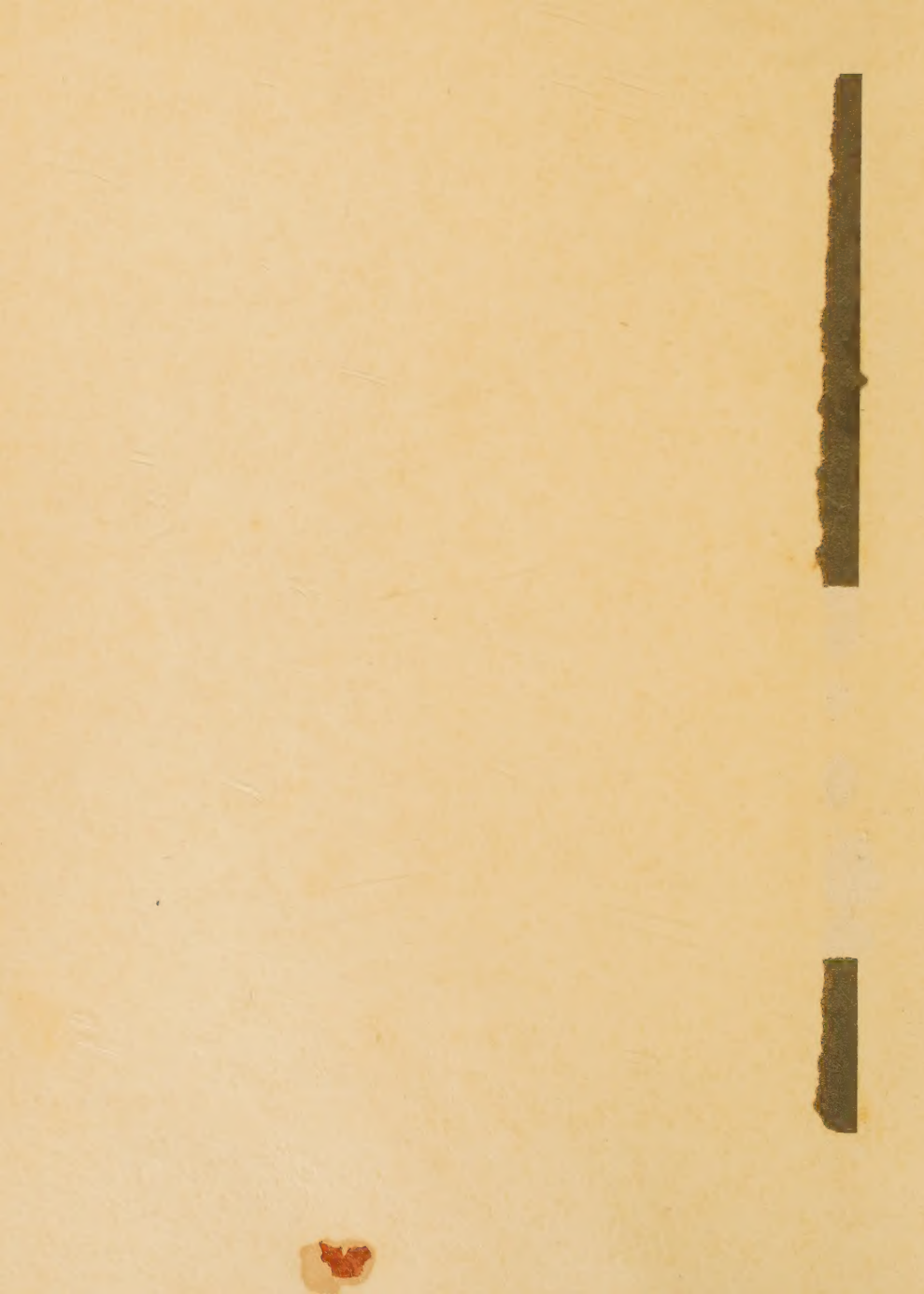
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# THE GOLDEN GARDEN OF THE POETS



LYRICS OF LOVE  
AND FRIENDSHIP  
ARRANGED BY  
MAY BYRON

HODDER & STOUGHTON · LONDON · NEWYORK · TORONTO





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## PREFATORY NOTE

THE following poems are arranged in a certain sequence, so that as far as possible, they may assimilate themselves to the order of Nature in a garden throughout the year. They have been selected to this end, and are, through the exigencies of the subject, mainly examples of that "lyrical cry" by which personal human emotion is expressed in rhythm and rhyme.

Though many of them are long familiar to the lover of English literature, and none appear for the first time, I believe this to be the most representative collection of love-poems that has hitherto been compiled.

The reader can hardly fail to notice with surprise the extraordinary variety of style, thought, and treatment which is to be met with, in dealing with the single subject of Love in its different phases. And this, although several aspects of Love have purposely or of necessity been omitted.

For kind permission to make use here of many copyright poems, I have to acknowledge the courtesy of *The Spectator*, *The Outlook*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and *The Evening Standard*. Thanks are due to Messrs. Smith Elder for their permission to include Robert Browning's poem "Greenwood Love" from *Ferishtah's Fancies*; to the Houghton Mifflin Company for the same courtesy with regard to "Toujours Amour" (E. C. Stedman), "Bedouin Love Song" (Bayard Taylor), "She Came and Went" (J. R. Lowell), and "A Song of Content" (J. J. Platt); to Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., for the use of "At Last" (Helen Hunt Jackson). Also to Mrs. Katharine Tynan-Hinkson, Miss A. E. Gillington, Mr. Maurice Clare, and other authors, for allowing me to include various poems of theirs.

In two or three cases I have found it impossible to trace the authorship of certain lines, and, therefore, to the unknown writers I must hereby offer apologies and thanks.

M. B.

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I.

Dawn in the Garden

*First Thoughts of Love*

I

HE was not yet in love, but very near . . . for he thanked God that He had made such beautiful beings to walk this earth. . . . O, there is nothing holier in this life of ours, than the first consciousness of love — the first fluttering of its silken wings—the first sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul !

*H. W. Longfellow, "Hyperion."*









## I. Love-thoughts



ALL fair things have soft approaches,  
Quiet steps are still the sure ;  
It were hard to point aright  
At what instant morning light,  
Shy and solemn-paced, encroaches  
On the desolate obscure ;—  
Who can read the growth of flowers  
Syllable by syllable ?  
Who has sight or ear to tell,  
Or by moments or by hours,  
At what rate the sappy tree  
Full of life, and life in spring,  
Every sleekest limb embosses  
With the buds its vigour glosses,—  
At what rate the buds with glee  
Burst, and show the tender wing  
Of the leaf that hardly dares  
Trust to inexperienced airs ?  
Who can measure out the pace  
Of the smiles on Nature's face ?

Thou loveliest of the thoughts of God,  
Creation's antitype and end !  
Thou treadest so the vernal sod  
That slimmest grasses hardly bend ;—  
I feel thy presence sensible  
On my ideal supervene,  
Yet just the moment cannot tell  
That lies those two bright states between :—  
No memory has an arm to reach  
The morning-twilight of our thought,—  
The infant's use of sight and speech  
Is all unchallenged and unsought ;  
And yet thou askest, winning one,  
That I should now unriddler be,  
To tell thee when I first begun  
To love and honour Thee !

*Lord Houghton.*

## II. The New Life    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

I FELT a spirit of love begin to stir  
Within my heart, long time unfelt till then ;  
And saw Love coming towards me fair and fain,  
(That I scarce knew him for his joyful cheer),  
Saying, " Be now indeed my worshipper !"   
And in his speech he laughed and laughed again.  
Then, while it was his pleasure to remain,  
I chanced to look the way he had drawn near,  
And saw the Ladies Joan and Beatrice  
Approach me, this the other following,

One and a second marvel instantly.  
And even as now my memory speaketh this,  
Love spake it then : " The first is christened Spring ;  
The second Love, she is so like to me."

*Dante Alighieri, trans. D. G. Rossetti.*

### III. My Day    ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣

O LET the solid ground  
Not fail beneath my feet  
Before my life has found  
What some have found so sweet ;  
Then let come what come may,  
What matter if I go mad,  
I shall have had my day.

Let the sweet heavens endure,  
Nor close and darken above me,  
Before I am quite sure  
That there is one to love me ;  
Then let come what come may  
To a life that has been so sad,  
I shall have had my day.

*Lord Tennyson.*

IV. Endymion ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

THE rising moon has hid the stars;  
Her level rays, like golden bars,  
Lie on the landscape green,  
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,  
As if Diana, in her dreams,  
Had dropt her silver bow  
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this  
She woke Endymion with a kiss,  
When, sleeping in the grove,  
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought;  
Nor voice, nor sound betrays  
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,  
The crown of all humanity—  
In silence and alone  
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep  
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,  
And kisses the closed eyes  
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts ! O slumbering eyes !  
O drooping souls, whose destinies  
Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again !

No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own :

Responds—as if, with unseen wings,  
An angel touched its quivering strings ;  
And whispers, in its song,  
“ Where hast thou stayed so long ? ”

*H. W. Longfellow.*

V. If this be Love? ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

WHEN Delia on the plain appears  
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
I would approach, but dare not move :  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
No other voice but hers can hear,  
No other wit but hers approve :  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

If she some other youth commend,  
Though I was once his fondest friend,

His instant enemy I prove :  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove :  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,  
Her nets she spread for every swain,  
I strove to hate, but vainly strove :  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

*George Lytton.*

VI. Madrigal    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

THE rooks are seeking in wood and waste  
The rafter-stuff for their robber castles ;  
The hazel boughs in a fever of haste  
Hang out their tassels.

The clouds go by like a fleece of wool ;  
The rills, at end of their frozen waiting  
Scamper and chuckle : the air is full  
Of courting and mating.

But my heart, like a little lost child astray,  
It cries and bewails, with no one to mind it :  
Sweeter than spring ! When you come this way,  
Could you but find it !

*Marston Moore.*



° VII. First Love



A<sup>H</sup>! I remember well (and how can I  
 But evermore remember well?) when first  
 Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was  
 The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed  
 And looked upon each other, and conceived  
 Not what we ail'd—yet something we did ail;  
 And yet were well, and yet we were not well,  
 And what was our disease we could not tell.  
 Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look; and  
 thus

In that first garden of our simpleness  
 We spent our childhood. But when years began  
 To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah, how then  
 Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern  
 brow

Check my presumption and my forwardness?  
 Yet still would give me flowers, still would me  
 show

What she would have me, yet not have me know.

*Samuel Daniel.*

VIII. Starting from Paumanok



W<sup>H</sup>AT do you seek so pensive and silent?  
 What do you need camerado?  
 Dear son, do you think it is love?

Listen, dear son—listen, America, daughter or son,  
It is a painful thing to love a man or woman to  
excess, and yet it satisfies, it is great,  
But there is something else very great, it makes  
the whole coincide,  
It, magnificent, beyond materials, with continuous  
hands sweeps and provides for all.

*Walt Whitman.*

IX. Hidden Love    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

IF, as I have, you also do  
Virtue in woman see,  
And dare love that, and say so too,  
And forget the He and She—

And if this love, though placèd so,  
From profane men you hide,  
Which will no faith on this bestow  
Or, if they do, deride—

Then you have done a braver thing  
Than all the worthies did ;  
And a braver thence will spring,  
Which is, to keep that hid.

*John Donne.*

## II. Spring Buds

*The Wooing*

## II

THAT stage of courtship, which makes the most exquisite moment of youth, the freshest blossom-time of passion—when each is sure of the other's love, but no formal declaration has been made, and all is mutual divination, exalting the most trivial word, the lightest gesture, with thrills delicate as wafted jasmine scent.

*George Eliot, "The Mill on the Floss."*



X. The Primrose    ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣

ASK me why I send you here  
This firstling of the infant year ;  
Ask me why I send to you  
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew ;  
I straight will whisper in your ears,  
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears ;—  
Ask me why this flower doth show  
So yellow, green, and sickly too ;  
Ask me why the stalk is weak,  
And bending, yet it doth not break ;  
I must tell you, these discover  
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

*Thomas Carew.*

XI. The Messenger    ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣

O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying South,  
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,  
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,  
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,  
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and  
light  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in,  
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with  
love,  
Delaying as the tender ash delays  
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:  
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,  
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long,  
And brief the sun of summer in the North,  
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,  
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her  
mine,  
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

*Lord Tennyson.*

XII. To Electra      ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

*Love looks for Love.*

LOVE, love begets ; then never be  
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee :  
Tygers and beares, I've heard some say,  
For profer'd love, will love repay ;  
None are so harsh, but if they find  
Softnesse in others, will be kind :  
Affection will affection move,  
Then you must like, because I love.

*Robert Herrick.*

XIII. To —      ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

ONE word is too often profaned  
For me to profane it,  
One feeling too falsely disdained  
For thee to disdain it ;  
One hope is too like despair  
For prudence to smother ;  
And pity from thee more dear  
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,  
But wilt thou accept not  
The worship the heart lifts above,  
And the Heavens reject not,—  
The desire of the moth for the star,



Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow?

*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

XIV. A Cavalier's Wooing      ❁   ❁   ❁

MY dear and only love, I pray  
This noble world of thee  
Be governed by no other sway  
But purest monarchy;  
But if confusion have a part,  
Which virtuous souls abhor,  
And hold a synod in thy heart,  
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone;  
My thoughts shall evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne.  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who puts it not unto the touch,  
To win or lose it all.

But if thou wilt be constant then  
And faithful of thy word,  
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,  
And famous by my sword;

I'll serve thee in such noble ways,  
Was never heard before ;  
I'll deck and crown thee all with bays,  
And love thee evermore.

*The Marquis of Montrose.*

XV. Because    ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

SWEET NEA !—for your lovely sake  
I weave these rambling numbers,  
Because I've lain an hour awake,  
And can't compose my slumbers ;  
Because your beauty's gentle light  
Is round my pillow beaming,  
And flings, I know not why, to-night,  
Some witchery round my dreaming.

Because we've passed some joyous days,  
And danced some merry dances ;  
Because we love old Beaumont's plays,  
And old Froissart's romances !  
Because whene'er I hear your words,  
Some pleasant feeling lingers ;  
Because I think your heart has chords  
That vibrate to your fingers !

Because you've got those long, soft curls  
I've sworn should deck my goddess ;  
Because you're not, like other girls,  
All bustle, blush, and bodice !

Because your eyes are deep and blue,  
Your fingers long and rosy ;  
Because a little child and you  
Would make one's home so cosy

Because your little tiny nose  
Turns up so pert and funny ;  
Because I know you choose your beaux  
More for their mirth than money ;  
Because I think you'd rather twirl  
A waltz, with me to guide you,  
Than talk small nonsense with an earl,  
And a coronet beside you !

Because you don't object to walk,  
And are not given to fainting ;  
Because you have not learnt to talk  
Of flowers and Poonah-painting ;  
Because I think you'd scarce refuse  
To sew one on a button ;  
Because I know you'd sometimes choose  
To dine on simple mutton !

Because I think I'm just so weak  
As, some of those fine morrows,  
To ask you if you'll let me speak,  
My story—and my sorrows ;  
Because the rest's a simple thing,  
A matter quickly over,  
A church—a priest—a sigh—a ring—  
And a chaise and four to Dover.

*Edward Fitzgerald.*

XVI. Untimely Love      ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

LAST Sunday at St. James's prayers,  
The prince and princess by,  
I, drest in all my whale-bone airs,  
Sat in a closet nigh.  
I bow'd my knees, I held my book,  
Read all the answers o'er ;  
But was perverted by a look,  
Which pierced me from the door.  
High thoughts of Heaven I came to use,  
With the devoutest care ;  
Which gay young Strephon made me lose,  
And all the raptures there.  
He stood to hand me to my chair,  
And bow'd with courtly grace ;  
But whisper'd love into my ear,  
Too warm for that grave place.  
"Love, love," said he, "by all adored.  
My tender heart has won."  
But I grew peevish at the word,  
And bade he would be gone.  
He went quite out of sight, while I  
A kinder answer meant ;  
Nor did I for my sins that day  
By half so much repent.

*Author Unknown.*

XVII. Love      ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
Live o'er again that happy hour,  
When midway on the mount I lay,  
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,  
Had blended with the lights of eve ;  
And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armèd man ;  
The statue of the armèd knight ;  
She stood and listened to my lay  
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve !  
She loves me best, whene'er I sing  
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story—  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon our sight

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She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;  
For well she knew, I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand ;  
And that for ten long years he wooed  
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !  
The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
With which I sang another's love,  
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;  
And she forgave me, that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed the bold and lovely Knight,  
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,  
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright ;  
And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
    This miserable Knight !

And that unknowing what he did,  
He leaped amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than death  
    The Lady of the Land—

And how she wept and clasped his knee  
And how she tended him in vain—  
And ever strove to expiate  
    The scorn that crazed his brain—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest-leaves  
    A dying man he lay !

His dying words—but when I reached  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
    Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve :  
The music and the doleful tale,  
    The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes long subdued,  
    Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blushed with love and virgin shame ;  
And like the murmur of a dream,  
    I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,  
As conscious of my look she stept—  
Then suddenly with timorous eye  
    She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;  
And bending back her head, looked up  
    And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel than see,  
    The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride ;  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
    My bright and beauteous Bride.

*S. T. Coleridge,*



### III. The Flower of all Flowers

*Portrait of the Beloved*

### III

THUS there was not one discordant thing in her :  
but a perfect harmony of figure, and face, and  
soul—in a word, of the whole being. And he who  
had a soul to comprehend hers, must of necessity  
love her, and love no other woman for evermore.

*H. W. Longfellow, "Hyperion."*



XVIII. The "Je ne sais Quoi" ❀ ❀

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,  
And Celia has undone me ;  
And yet I'll swear I can't tell how  
The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face which love creates,  
For there no graces revel ;  
'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates  
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that  
There's nothing more than common ;  
And all her sense is only chat  
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm—  
'Twas both perhaps, or neither ;  
In short, 'twas that provoking charm  
Of Celia altogether.

*William Whitehead*

XIX. The Perfection of Her ❀ ❀ ❀

FOR certain he hath seen all perfectness  
Who among other ladies hath seen mine :  
They that go with her humbly should combine

To thank their God for such peculiar grace.  
So perfect is the beauty of her face  
That it begets in no wise any sign  
Of envy, but draws round her a clear line  
Of love, and blessed faith, and gentleness.  
Merely the sight of her makes all things bow :  
Not she herself alone is holier  
Than all ; but hers, through her, are raised  
above.

From all her acts such lovely graces flow  
That truly one may never think of her  
Without a passion of exceeding love.

*Dante Alighieri, trans. D. G. Rossetti.*

XX. A Nut-Brown Maid ❀ ❀ ❀

BROWN is my love, but graceful,  
And each renowned whiteness,  
Matched with thy lovely brown, loseth its brightness.

Fair is my love, but scornful :  
Yet have I seen despised  
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well prized.

*Musica Transalpina, 1597.*



XXI. She was a Phantom of Delight ✧

SHE was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;  
Like Twilight's too, her dusky hair ;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin-liberty ;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
A Creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food ;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A Traveller between life and death ;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;

A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of angelic light.

*Wordsworth.*

XXII. My Sweet Sweeting    ❧    ❧    ❧

AH, my sweet sweeting !  
My little pretty sweeting,  
My sweeting will I love wherever I go,  
She is so proper and so pure,  
Full steadfast, stable, and demure,  
There is none such, you may be sure,  
As my sweet sweeting.

In all this world, as thinketh me,  
Is none so pleasant to my eye,  
That I am glad so oft to see  
As my sweet sweeting.

When I behold my sweeting sweet,  
Her face, her hands, her mignon feet,  
They seem to me there is none so sweet  
As my sweet sweeting.

*Sir J. Hawkins.*

XXIII. She Walks in Beauty ❀ ❀ ❀

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes :  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress.  
Or softly lightens o'er her face,  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent !

*Lord Byron.*

XXIV. Her Face    ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

AND would you see my mistress' face ?  
It is a flowery garden place,  
Where knots of beauties have such grace  
That all is work and nowhere space.

It is a sweet, delicious morn,  
Where day is breeding, never born ;  
It is a meadow, yet unshorn,  
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heavens' bright reflex,  
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex :  
It is th' Idea of her sex,  
Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of Death that smiles,  
Pleasing, though it kills the whiles :  
Where Death and Love in pretty wiles,  
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth,  
It is the feigned Elisium's truth :  
The spring, that wintered hearts renew'th ;  
And this is that my soul pursueth.

*Philip Rosseter.*

XXV. Who is the Maid?      ❁   ❁   ❁

I.

WHO is the maid my spirit seeks,  
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?  
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?  
Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?  
No, wan and sunk with midnight prayer  
Are the pale looks of her I love;  
Or if, at times, a light be there,  
Its beam is kindled from above.

II.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,  
From those who seek their Maker's shrine  
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,  
As if themselves were things divine!  
No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast  
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;  
And she who comes in glittering vest  
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

III.

Not so the faded form I prize  
And love, because its bloom is gone;  
The glory in those sainted eyes  
Is all the grace *her* brow puts on.  
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,  
So touching as that form's decay,  
Which, like the altar's trembling light,  
In holy lustre wastes away!

*Thomas Moore.*

XXVI. The Only She    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

“SAY, Love! if ever thou didst find  
A woman with a constant mind?”

“None but one!”

“And what should that rare mirror be?  
Some goddess or some Queen is she?”  
She! She! She! and only She!  
She, only Queen of Love and Beauty!

“But could thy fiery poisoned dart,  
At no time, touch her spotless heart,  
Nor come near?”

“She is not subject to Love’s bow.  
Her eye commands, her heart saith ‘No!’”  
No! no! no! and only No!  
One No! another still doth follow.

“How might I that fair wonder know,  
That mocks desire with endless ‘No!’?”

“See the Moon,  
That ever in one change doth grow;  
Yet still the same, and She is so!”  
So! so! so! and only so!  
From heaven, her virtues she doth borrow.

“To her, then, yield thy shafts and bow,  
That can command affections so!”

“Love is free,  
So are her thoughts that vanquish thee !  
There is no Queen of Love but She !”  
She ! She ! She ! and only She !  
She, only Queen of Love and Beauty !  
*John Dowland.*

XXVII. Her Right Name      ❁   ❁   ❁

AS Nancy at her toilet sat,  
Admiring this and blaming that ;  
“Tell me,” she said ; “but tell me true ;  
The nymph who could your heart subdue,  
What sort of charms does she possess ?”  
“Absolve me, Fair One : I’ll confess  
With pleasure,” I replied. “Her hair,  
In ringlets rather dark than fair,  
Does down her ivory bosom roll,  
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.  
In her high forehead’s fair half-round  
Love sits in open triumph crown’d :  
He in the dimple of her chin,  
In private state, by friends is seen.  
Her eyes are neither black, nor grey ;  
Nor fierce, nor feeble is their ray ;  
Their dubious lustre seems to show  
Something that speaks nor Yes, nor No.  
Her lips no living bard, I weet,

May say, how red, how round, how sweet,  
Old Homer only could indite  
Their vagrant grace and soft delight :  
They stand recorded in his book,  
When Helen smiled, and Hebe spoke——"  
The gipsy, turning to her glass,  
Too plainly show'd she knew the face :  
"And which am I most like," she said,  
"Your Chloe, or your nut-brown maid ? "

*Matthew Prior.*

XXVIII. Description of such a One as he  
could Love ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

A FACE that should content me wondrous well  
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold :  
With gladsome cheer, all grief for to expel :  
With sober looks so would I that it should  
Speak without words, such words as none can tell :  
The tress also should be of crispèd gold.  
With wit and these might chance I might be tied,  
And knit again the knot that should not slide.

*Sir Thomas Wyatt.*



XXIX. Annie Laurie      ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

MAXWELLTON braes are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew,  
And it's there that Annie Laurie  
Gied me her promise true ;  
Gied me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot will be,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,  
Her neck is like the swan,  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on.  
That e'er the sun shone on,  
And dark blue is her e'e ;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;  
And like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet.  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
And she's a' the world to me ;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.

*Lady John Scott.*

XXX. So White, so Soft, so Sweet, is She

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,  
Wherein my Lady rideth !  
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,  
And well the car Love guideth.  
As she goes, all hearts do duty  
Unto her beauty ;  
And enamoured do wish, so they might  
But enjoy such a sight,  
That they still were to run by her side,  
Through swords, through seas, whither she would  
glide.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light  
All that Love's world compriseth !  
Do but look on her hair, it is bright  
As Love's star when it riseth !  
Do but mark, her forehead's smother  
Than words that soothe her ;  
And from her arched brows such a grace  
Sheds itself through the face,  
As alone there triumphs to the life  
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow  
Before rude hands have touched it ?  
Have you marked but the fall of the snow  
Before the soil hath smutched it ?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver,  
Or swan's down ever ?  
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier,  
Or the nard in the fire ?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?  
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she !

*Ben Jonson.*

XXXI. Whom I Love    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

SHALL I tell you whom I love ?  
Hearken then awhile to me ;  
And if such a woman move  
As I now shall versify,  
Be assured 'tis she, or none,  
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right  
As she scorns the help of art,  
In as many virtues dight  
As e'er yet embraced a heart :  
So much good, so truly tried,  
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire  
To make known how much she hath :  
And her anger flames no higher  
Than may fitly sweeten wrath,  
Full of pity as may be,  
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense :  
And her virtues grace her birth :  
Lovely as all excellence ;  
Modest in her most of mirth :  
Likelihood enough to prove  
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is : and if you know  
Such a one as I have sung,  
Be she brown, or fair, or—so  
That she be but somewhat young :  
Be assured 'tis she, or none,  
That I love, and love alone.

*William Browne.*

XXXII. A Steadfast Mind    ❁   ❁   ❁

HE that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires ;  
As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts with equal love combined,  
Kindle never-dying fires ;  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

*Thomas Carew.*

XXXIII. Praise of My Lady ❀ ❀ ❀

MY lady seems of ivory  
Forehead, straight nose, and cheeks  
that be  
Hollow'd a little mournfully.

*Beata mea Domina !*

Her forehead, overshadow'd much  
By bows of hair, has a wave such  
As God was good to make for me.

*Beata mea Domina !*

Not greatly long my lady's hair,  
Nor yet with yellow colour fair,  
But thick and crisped wonderfully :

*Beata mea Domina !*

Heavy to make the pale face sad,  
And dark, but dead as though it had  
Been forged by God most wonderfully

*—Beata mea Domina !—*

Of some strange metal, thread by thread,  
To stand out by my lady's head,  
Not moving much to tangle me.

*Beata mea Domina !*

Beneath her brows the lids fall slow,  
The lashes a clear shadow throw  
Where I would wish my lips to be.

*Beata mea Domina !*

Her great eyes standing far apart,  
Draw up some memory from her heart,  
And gaze out very mournfully :

*Beata mea Domina !*

So beautiful and kind they are,  
But most times looking out afar,  
Waiting for something, not for me.

*Beata mea Domina !*

I wonder if the lashes long  
Are those that do her bright eyes wrong,  
For always half tears seem to be

*—Beata mea Domina !—*

Lurking below the underlid,  
Darkening the place where they lie hid—  
If they should rise and flow for me !

*Beata mea Domina !*

Her full lips being made to kiss,  
Curl'd up and pensive each one is ;  
This makes me faint to stand and see.

*Beata mea Domina !*

Her lips are not contented now,  
Because the hours pass so slow  
Towards a sweet time : (pray for me),

*—Beata mea Domina !—*

So passionate and swift to move,  
To pluck at any flying love,  
That I grow faint to stand and see,  
*Beata mea Domina !*

Yea ! there beneath them is her chin,  
So fine and round, it were a sin  
To feel no weaker when I see  
*—Beata mea Domina !—*

God's dealings ; for with so much care  
And troublous, faint lines wrought in there,  
He finishes her face for me.  
*Beata mea Domina !*

Of her long neck what shall I say ?  
What things about her body's sway,  
Like a knight's pennon or slim tree  
*—Beata mea Domina !—*

Set gently waving in the wind ;  
Or her long hands that I may find  
On some day sweet to move o'er me ?  
*Beata mea Domina !*

God pity me though, if I miss'd  
The telling, how along her wrist  
The veins creep, dying languidly  
*—Beata mea Domina !—*

Inside her tender palm and thin.  
Now give me pardon, dear, wherein  
My voice is weak and vexes thee.

*Beata mea Domina !*

All men that see her any time,  
I charge you straightly in this rhyme,  
What, and wherever you may be,

*—Beata mea Domina !—*

To kneel before her ; as for me,  
I choke and grow quite faint to see  
My lady moving graciously.

*Beata mea Domina !*

*William Morris*



#### IV. Shady Walks and Yew Hedges

*Melancholy and Wistful Love*

#### IV

**I**N her salutation alone was there any beatitude for me . . . When, for the first time, this beatitude was denied me, I became possessed with such grief that, parting myself from others, I went into a lonely place to bathe the ground with most bitter tears . . . and having said also, "O Love, aid thou thy servant," I went suddenly asleep like a beaten sobbing child.

*Dante Alighieri, trans. D. G. Rossetti,  
"The New Life."*



XXXIV. The Lover beseecheth his Mistress  
not to forget his Steadfast Faith and  
True Intent ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

FORGET not yet the tried intent,  
Of such a truth as I have meant ;  
My great travail so gladly spent,  
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet when first began  
The weary life, you know since when  
The suit, the service, none tell can ;  
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet the great assays,  
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,  
The painful patience in delays,  
Forget not yet !

Forget not ! oh ! forget not this,  
How long ago hath been, and is  
The mind that never meant amiss,  
Forget not yet !

Forget not then thine own approved,  
The which so long hath thee so loved,  
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved,  
Forget not yet !

*Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

XXXV. Inclusions    ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣

OH, wilt thou have my hand, Dear, to lie along  
in thine ?

As a little stone in a running stream, it seems to  
lie and pine.

Now drop the poor pale hand, Dear, unfit to plight  
with thine.

Oh, wilt thou have my cheek, Dear, drawn closer  
to thine own ?

My cheek is white, my cheek is worn, by many  
a tear run down.

Now leave a little space, Dear, lest it should wet  
thine own.

Oh, must thou have my soul, Dear, commingled  
with thy soul ?—

Red grows the cheek, and warm the hand ; the  
part is in the whole :

Nor hands nor cheeks keep separate, when soul  
is joined to soul.

*E. Barrett Browning.*

XXXVI. Tenebrae    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow,  
    Though thou be black as night,  
And she made all of light,  
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow !

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth ;  
Though here thou livest disgraced,  
And she in heaven is placed,  
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth.

Follow those pure beams, whose beauty burneth,  
That so have scorched thee,  
As thou still black must be,  
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness  
    turneth.

Follow her, while yet her glory shineth :  
There comes a luckless night,  
That will dim all her light ;  
And this, the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still, since so thy fates ordained ;  
The sun must have his shade,  
Till both at once do fade ;  
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.

*Thomas Campion.*

XXXVII. From the Arabic: an Imitation

MY faint spirit was sitting in the light  
Of thy looks, my love ;  
It panted for thee like the hind at noon  
For the brooks, my love.  
The barb whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight  
Bore thee far from me ;  
My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,  
Did companion thee.

Ah ! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,  
Or the death they bear,  
The heart which tender thought clothes like a  
dove  
With the wings of care ;  
In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,  
Shall mine cling to thee,  
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,  
It may bring to thee.

*P. B. Shelley.*

XXXVIII. To Electra    ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣

I DARE not ask a kisse,  
I dare not beg a smile,  
Lest having that, or this,  
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share  
Of my desire shall be,  
Only to kiss that air  
That lately kissèd thee.

*R. Herrick.*

XXXIX. Auld Robin Gray ❧ ❧ ❧

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye  
at hame,  
And a' the world to rest are gane,  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,  
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for  
his bride ;  
And saving a croun he had naething else beside :  
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to  
sea ;  
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,  
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was  
stown awa' ;  
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—  
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna  
spin;  
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna  
win;  
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in  
his e'e  
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, O, marry me!"

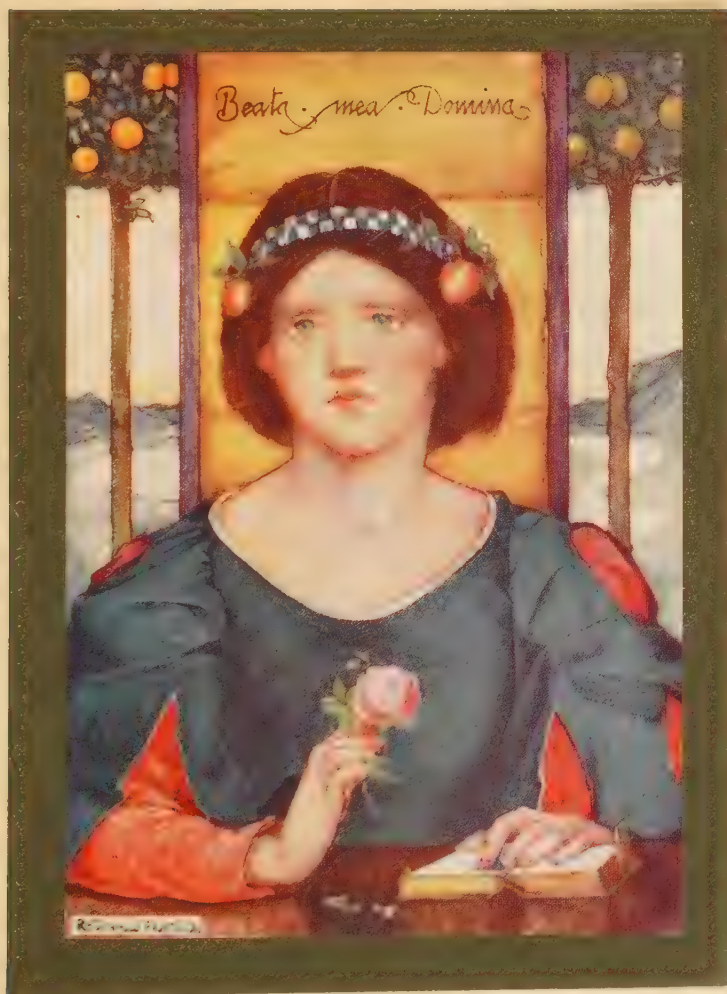
My heart it said nay; I look'd for Jamie back;  
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a  
wrack;  
His ship it was a wrack—why dinna Jamie dee?  
Or why do I live to cry, "Wae's me!"?

My father urgit sair: my mother didna speak;  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like  
to break;  
They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at  
the sea;  
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think  
it he—  
Till he said, "I'm come hame to marry thee."

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;  
We took but ae kiss, and I bade him gang away;  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
And why was I born to say, "Wae's me!"?







I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;  
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;  
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

*Lady Anne Barnard.*

XL. Love Untold    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

THEY who may tell love's wistful tale  
Of half its cares are lightened ;  
Their bark is tacking to the gale,  
The severed cloud is brightened.

Love like the silent stream is found,  
Beneath the willows lurking,  
The deeper that it hath no sound  
To tell its ceaseless working.

Submit, my heart ; thy lot is cast,  
I feel its inward token ;  
I feel this misery will not last,  
Yet last till thou art broken.

*Joanna Baillie.*

XLI. At Last    ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

O THE years I lost before I knew you,  
Love!  
O, the hills I climbed and came not to you,  
Love !  
Ah ! who shall render unto us to make  
Us glad,  
The things which for and of each other's sake  
We might have had ?

If you and I had sat and played together,  
Love,  
Two speechless babes in the summer weather,  
Love,  
By one sweet brook which, though it dried up long  
Ago,  
Still makes for me to-day a sweeter song  
Than all I know—

If hand-in-hand through the mysterious gateway,  
Love,  
Of womanhood, we had first looked and straightway,  
Love,  
Had whispered to each other softly, ere  
It yet  
Was dawn, what now in noonday heat and fear  
We both forget—

If all of this had given its completeness,  
Love,  
To every hour, would it be added sweetness,  
Love?  
Could I know sooner whether it were well  
Or ill  
With thee? One wish could I more sweetly tell,  
More swift fulfil?

Ah ! vainly thus I sit and dream and ponder,  
Love,  
Losing the precious present while I wonder,  
Love,  
About the days in which you grew and came  
To be  
So beautiful, and did not know the name  
Or sight of me.

But all lost things are in the angels' keeping,  
Love;  
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping,  
Love;  
The years of Heaven will all earth's little pain  
Make good,  
Together there we can begin again,  
In babyhood.

*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

XLII. Sorrow ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

THE dew no more will weep,  
The primrose's pale cheek to deck :  
The dew no more will sleep,  
Nuzzled in the lily's neck :  
Much rather would it tremble here,  
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which  
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,  
Makes Sorrow half so rich,  
As the drops distilled from thee :  
Sorrow's best jewels be in these  
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When Sorrow would be seen  
In her bright majesty,  
For she is a Queen !  
Then she is dressed by none but thee :  
Then, and only then, she wears  
Her richest pearls ;—I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes  
When they red with weeping are  
From the sun that dies,  
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair :  
Nowhere but here doth meet,  
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

*Richard Crashaw.*

XLIII. Come, Rest in this Bosom ❧ ❧

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken  
deer,

Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is  
still here ;

Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,  
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same  
Through joy and through torment, through glory  
and shame ?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of  
bliss,

And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this—  
Through the furnace unshrinking, thy steps to  
pursue,

And shield thee, and save thee—or perish there  
too !

*Thomas Moore.*

XLIV. Foreknowledge ❧ ❧ . ❧ ❧

LITTLE think'st thou, poor flower  
Whom I have watchèd six or seven days,

And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour

Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,  
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,

Little think'st thou  
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall  
To-morrow find thee fall'n, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, poor heart,  
That labourest yet to nestle thee,  
And think'st by hovering here to get a part  
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,  
And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow :

Little think'st thou  
That thou, to-morrow, ere the sun doth wake,  
Must with this sun and me a journey take.

*John Donne.*

#### XLV. Too Late



EACH on his own strict line we move,  
And some find death ere they find love.  
So far apart their lives are thrown  
From the twin soul that halves their own.

And sometimes, by still harder fate,  
The lovers meet, but meet too late.  
—Thy heart is mine!—*True, true! ah, true!*  
Then, love, thy hand!—*Ah, no! adieu!*

*Matthew Arnold.*



XLVI. A Dying Fall      ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

FOLLOW your saint, follow with accents sweet !

Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet !  
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,  
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her  
love :

But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,  
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er  
return again !

All that I sung still to her praise did tend ;  
Still she was first ; still she my songs did end :  
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,  
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy.  
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight !  
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died  
for her delight.

*Thomas Campion.*

XLVII. The Banks o' Doon      ❁   ❁   ❁

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ;  
How can ye chant ye little birds,  
And I sae weary fu' o' care !  
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn ;  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed—never to return !

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine ;  
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;  
And my fause luvier stole my rose,  
But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

*Robert Burns.*

XLVIII. True and False Love      ❧      ❧

LOVE seeketh not itself to please,  
Nor for itself hath any care  
But for another gives its ease,  
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

Love seeketh only self to please,  
To bind another to its delight,  
Joys in another's loss of ease,  
And builds a hell in heaven's despite.

*William Blake.*

## V. A Guest at the Gate

*Love Himself in various Disguises.*

V

THE Boy,  
 Than whom no mortal so magnificent !  
 This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy !  
 This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;  
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,  
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.

*William Shakespeare, "Love's Labour's Lost."*



XLIX. The Cheat of Cupid, or The Un-  
gentle Guest \* \* \* \* \*

ONE silent night of late,  
When every creature rested,  
Came one unto my gate,  
And knocking, me molested.

Who's that, said I, beats there,  
And troubles thus the sleepy?  
Cast off, said he, all fear,  
And let not locks thus keep ye.

For I a boy am, who  
By moonless nights have swervèd;  
And all with show'rs wet through,  
And e'en with cold half starvèd.

I, pitiful, arose,  
And soon a taper lighted;  
And did myself disclose  
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow  
And wings too, which did shiver ;  
And looking down below,  
I spy'd he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine  
Brought him, as Love professes,  
And chaf'd his hands with mine,  
And dried his drooping tresses.

But when he felt him warm'd,  
Let's try this bow of ours,  
And string, if they be harm'd,  
Said he, with these late show'rs.

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
And wedded string and arrow,  
And struck me, that it went  
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew  
Away, and thus said flying,  
Adieu, mine host, adieu,  
I'll leave thy heart a-dying.

*Robert Herrick.*

L. The Wayfarer      ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

A DAY ago, as I rode sullenly  
Upon a certain path that liked me not,  
I met Love midway while the air was hot,

Clothed lightly as a wayfarer might be,  
And for the cheer he showed, he seemed to me  
As one who hath lost lordship he had got ;  
Advancing tow'rds me full of sorrowful thought,  
Bowing his forehead so that none should see.  
Then as I went, he called me by my name,  
Saying : " I journey since the morn was dim  
Thence where I made thy heart to be : which  
now

I needs must bear unto another dame."

Wherewith so much passed into me of him  
That he was gone, and I discerned not how.

*Dante Alighieri, trans. D. G. Rossetti.*

## LI. What the Mighty Love has done ♣

HEAR, ye ladies that despise,  
What the mighty Love has done :

Fear examples, and be wise :

Fair Calisto was a nun ;

Leda, sailing on the stream

To deceive the hopes of man,

Love accounting but a dream,

Doted on a silver swan ;

Danae, in a brazen tower,

Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,

What the mighty Love can do ;

Fear the fierceness of the boy :

The chaste moon he makes to woo ;  
Vesta, kindling holy fires,  
Circled round about with spies,  
Never dreaming loose desires,  
Doting at the altar dies ;  
Ilion, in a short hour, higher  
He can build, and once more fire.  
*John Fletcher.*

LII. Upon Cupid    ❁    ❁    ❁    ❁    ❁

LOVE, like a beggar, came to me  
With hose and doublet torn,  
His shirt bedangling from his knee,  
With hat and shoes out-worn.

He ask'd an alms ; I gave him bread,  
And meat too, for his need ;  
Of which, when he had fully fed,  
He wished me all good speed.

Away he went ; but as he turn'd,  
In faith I know not how,  
He toucht me so, as that I burn,  
And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames, and fires obscure,  
Then crept into my heart ;  
And though I saw no bow, I'm sure  
His finger was the dart.

*Robert Herrick.*



LIII. Hush, Hush! ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

“HUSH, hush!”—how well  
That sweet word sounds,  
When Love, the little sentinel,  
Walks his night-rounds;  
Then, if a foot but dare  
One rose-leaf crush,  
Myriads of voices in the air  
Whisper, “Hush, hush!”

“Hark, hark, 'tis he!”  
The night-elves cry,  
And hush their fairy harmony,  
While he steals by;  
But if his silv'ry feet  
One dew-drop brush,  
Voices are heard in chorus sweet,  
Whisp'ring, “Hush, hush!”

*Thomas Moore.*

LIV. Love will find out the Way ❀ ❀

OVER the mountains  
And over the waves,  
Under the fountains  
And under the graves;  
Under floods that are deepest,

Which Neptune obey ;  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
For the glow-worm to lie ;  
Where there is no space  
For receipt of a fly ;  
Where the midge dares not venture,  
Lest herself fast she lay ;  
If Love come, he will enter  
And soon find out his way

You may esteem him  
A child for his might ;  
Or you may deem him  
A coward for his flight ;  
But if she whom Love doth honour  
Be concealed from the day,  
Set a thousand guards upon her,  
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him  
By having him confin'd,  
And some do suppose him,  
Poor thing, to be blind ;  
But if ne'er so close you wall him,  
Do the best that you may ;  
Blind Love, if so ye call him,  
Will find out his way.

My child is mine,  
Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh is he,  
Rocked on my breast and nurtured at my knee.

*Page 95*



You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your fist ;  
Or you may inveigle  
The Phoenix of the East ;  
The lioness, you may move her  
To give o'er her prey ;  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover—  
He will find out his way.

*Early Seventeenth Century Poem.*

LV. The Mariner    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

UPON a summer's day Love went to swim,  
And cast himself into a sea of tears.  
The clouds call'd in their light, and heav'n wax'd  
dim,  
And sighs did raise a tempest, causing fears.  
The naked boy could not so wield his arms  
But that the waves were masters of his might  
And threat'n'd him to work far greater harms  
If he devised not to 'scape by flight.

Then for a boat his quiver stood in stead  
His bow unbent did serve him for a mast,  
Whereby to sail, his cloth of vail he spread,  
His shafts for oars on either board he cast.  
From shipwreck safe this wag got thus to shore,  
And sware to bathe in lovers' tears no more.

*William Byrd.*

LVI. Love, like a Gypsy ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

LOVE, like a gypsy, lately came,  
And did me much importune  
To see my hand, that by the same  
He might foretell my fortune.

He saw my palm ; and then, said he,  
I tell thee, by this score here,  
That thou, within few months, shalt be  
The youthful Prince D'Amour here.

I smil'd, and bade him once more prove,  
And by some cross-line show it,  
That I could ne'er be Prince of Love,  
Though here the princely poet.

*Robert Herrick.*

LVII. Love's Treachery ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

CUPID abroad was lated in the night,  
His wings were wet with ranging in the  
rain ;  
Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,  
To dry his plumes : I heard the boy complain ;  
I oped the door, and granted his desire,  
I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,  
I spied his quiver hanging by his back ;  
Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,

I would have gone for fear of further wrack ;  
But what I drad, did me, poor wretch, betide,  
For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierced the quick, and I began to start,  
A pleasing wound, but that it was too high ;  
His shaft procured a sharp, yet sugared smart :  
Away he flew, for why ? his wings were dry ;  
But left the arrow sticking in my breast,  
That sore I grieved I welcomed such a guest.

*Robert Greene.*

LVIII. Love the Conqueror ♣ ♣ ♣

HEAR, you ladies lapt in silk,  
Deck'd with all that's bought for money,  
Red as roses, white as milk,  
Soft as wool and sweet as honey !  
Though you fence yourselves about  
With palisades right stout,  
In citadel most strong—  
O, yet, ere long  
Sir Love shall surely find you out !

Say, what help shall then avail,  
When a rosy splendour scorches  
All your vestments, from the trail  
Of his red triumphal torches ?  
When your guarded ramparts fall,  
Your turrets proud and tall  
Crumble to little ash

Before the crash  
Of his victorious bugle call?

Then defy you Love no more,  
Sound a parley, speak him tender,  
Call a truce with him, before  
Ye must hopelessly surrender !  
Hearken, ladies, and be wise,  
For joy ye know not, lies,  
Hoarding its golden gleam  
For the hour supreme  
When Love the Conqueror claims his prize !

*May Byron.*

LIX. The Shower of Blossoms      ❁    ❁

LOVE in a show'r of blossoms came  
Down, and half drown'd me with the same ;  
The blooms that fell were white and red ;  
But with such sweets comminglèd,  
As whether this I cannot tell  
My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell ;  
But true it was, as I roll'd there,  
Without a thought of hurt or fear,  
Love turn'd himself into a bee,  
And with his javelin wounded me :  
From which mishap this use I make,  
Where most sweets are, there lies a snake :  
Kisses and favours are sweet things ;  
But those have thorns, and these have stings.

*Robert Herrick.*



## VI. The Children's Border

*Love of Mother and Child*

## VI

THE joys of parents are secret, and so are their  
griefs and fears : they cannot utter the one,  
nor they will not utter the other. . . . It is a strange  
thing to note the excess of this passion (of love) and  
how it braves the nature and value of things . . . as  
if man, made for the contemplation of heaven and  
of all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel  
before a little idol.

*Francis Bacon, "Essays."*



LX. At Bay      ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

MY child is mine.

Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh is he,  
Rocked on my breast and nurtured at my knee.  
Fed with sweet thoughts ere ever he drew breath,  
Wrested in battle through the gates of death.

With passionate patience is my treasure  
hoarded,

And all my pain with priceless joy rewarded.

My child is mine.

Nay, but a thousand thousand powers of ill  
Dispute him with me : lurking wolf-like still  
In every covert of the ambushed years.

Disease and danger dog him : foes and fears

Bestride his path, with menace fierce and  
stormy.

Help me, O God ! these are too mighty for me !

My child is mine.

But pomp and glitter of the garish world  
May wean him hence ; while, tenderly unfurled  
Like a spring leaf, his delicate, spotless days  
Open in blinding sunlight. And the blaze  
Of blue and blossom, scents and songs at riot,  
May woo him from my wardenship of quiet.

My child is mine.

Yet all his grey forefathers of the past  
Challenge the dear possession : they o'ercast  
His soul's clear purity with dregs and lees  
Of vile unknown ancestral impulses :  
And viewless hands, from shadowy regions  
groping,  
With dim negation frustrate all my hoping.

My child is mine.

By what black fate, what ultimate doom accurs'd,  
Shall be that radiant certainty revers'd ?  
Though hell should thrust its fiery gulfs between,  
Though all the heaven of heavens should  
intervene,  
Bound with a bond not God Himself will sever,  
The babe I bore is mine for ever and ever—

My child is mine.

*May Byron.*

LXI. A Cradle Song      ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,  
    Dreaming in the joys of night !  
Sleep, sleep ; in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,  
Smiles as of the morning steal  
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast,  
When thy little heart doth rest.

Oh, the cunning wiles that creep  
In thy little heart asleep !  
When thy little heart doth wake,  
Then the dreadful light doth break.

*William Blake.*

LXII. The Goal      ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

SHE knocked at the Paradise-gate,  
She tirmed at the golden pin,  
"Who is this that cometh so late,  
And thinks to be let in?"  
"Ah! keep me not here without,  
Open quickly!" she cried,  
"For there are those that need me, need me,  
Waiting just inside."

Weary she was and worn,  
Her knees and her shoulders bent  
With the leaden burden of years forlorn,  
All in vanity spent.  
But she leapt like a yearling doe  
Across the threshold of light—  
She flew to the arms that drew her, drew her,  
As a homing dove takes flight.

One was clasping her wrist,  
And one was grasping her gown :  
To one that cried to be kissed  
Tenderly stooped she down.  
As a bird outspreadeth its wings,  
She gathered them closely in—  
"Now is the time, O children, children,  
When life shall at last begin!"

*Maurice Clare.*

LXIII. The Mother's Lullaby      ❁      ❁

MY little sweete darling, my comfort and joy,  
Singe lully by, lully,  
In beauty excelleng the princes of Troye,  
Singe lully by, lully.

Now sucke, child, and sleepe, child, thy mother's  
sweete boy,  
The gods blesse and keepe thee from cruel annoy,  
Thy father, sweete infant, from mother is gone,  
And she in the woodes heere, with thee left alone.

To thee, little infant, why do I make mone,  
Singe lully by, lully,  
Sith thou canst not help mee to sighe nor to grone,  
Singe lully by, lully,  
Sweete baby, lully by, sweet baby, lully, lully.

*Author Unknown.*

LXIV. Mothering Sunday      ❁      ❁      ❁

*Mid-Lent Sunday*

"He who goes a-mothering finds violets in the lane."

*Old Proverb.*

A MIST of leaves, a maze of light, about the  
gates of Spring:  
The sweet winds summon exiles home from  
wintry wandering;

And down the olden way they haste, whereof  
their feet are fain,  
And he who goes a-mothering finds violets in the  
lane.

Now underneath the blue-gray sky the sunny paths  
grow hot.

The blue-gray buds unfurl to bloom in each familiar  
spot—

The white buds and the blue-gray buds, whose  
soft lips gently part,

In rapture such as one may know who hides on  
Mother's heart.

The blackbird in the greening elm brings a new  
song to-day,

The lark uplifts his ecstasy above the meadows gay ;  
The door stands wide, the wall-flower scent floats  
in across the sill,

And there upon the lintel-stone is Mother waiting  
still !

. . . . .

Throw open wide Thy doors, O Lord, for souls to  
enter in !

The days of exile overpast, the home-days shall  
begin ;

Dear hands and lips draw nigh once more to  
welcome and to bless,<sup>1</sup>

And all the lovely olden hours renew their loveli-  
ness :



Blue violets round the Tree of Life, blue violets at  
the brim  
Of all the living water-springs where never light  
grows dim—  
Where tears are dried, and dead hopes raised, and  
lost years found again,  
And hearts may go a-mothering for evermore,  
Amen !

*M. C. Gillington.*

LXV. A Slumber Song ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

SWEET dreams, form a shade  
O'er my lovely infant's head !  
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams  
By happy silent moony beams.

Sweet sleep, with soft down  
Weave thy brows an infant crown !  
Sweet sleep, angel mild,  
Hover o'er my happy child !

Sweet smiles, in the night,  
Hover over my delight !  
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,  
All the live-long night beguile.

*William Blake.*

LXVI. The Wood Song ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

ALWAYS there is a tiny song  
That trickles down the trees  
Small dropping notes—not loud nor long,  
Like other melodies,  
But soft reluctant sounds, half-heard,  
That utterance of some unknown bird.

And I have hunted in and out,  
And searched, all times and tides,  
And lurked the woodland ways about—  
That simple singer hides,  
Nor stirs a feather: nought shall scare  
Him from his secret sojourn there.

And there is one in every wood,  
Who sings there day by day:  
It almost might be understood,  
The thing he strives to say,  
As though some child were at one's gate,  
Sweet, plaintive, half-articulate.

Whereby I know, in leafy tents  
Awhile invisible,  
A flight of Holy Innocents  
On this green earth do dwell.  
That bird-babe with those notes divine,  
He may be yours—he may be mine.

Hark ! where the topmost branches soar,  
It drips like April rain,  
The little voice that nevermore  
You thought to hear again—  
Until you catch the trick of tone,  
And know the singer for your own.

Yet speak not, lest you break the charm—  
Stand silent in the dew,  
And reach not out your empty arm  
To clasp him unto you.  
Patience ! . . . Perhaps, if you keep still,  
He will come down. I think he will.

*May Byron.*

LXVII. Parental Recollections      ❀      ❀

A CHILD'S a plaything for an hour ;  
Its pretty tricks we try  
For that or for a longer space ;  
Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one that to itself  
All seasons could control ;  
That would have mocked the sense of pain  
Out of a grievèd soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,  
Young climber-up of knees,  
When I forget thy thousand ways,  
Then life and all shall cease.

*Mary Lamb.*

LXVIII. Two Against Fate    ❧    ❧    ❧

("When a child is born among the Thracians, all its kindred sit about it in a circle, and weep for the woes it will have to undergo, now that it has come into the world, making mention of every ill that falls to the lot of man."—*Herodotus*, "Terpsichore," 4.)

THEY all came round thy cradle, little brown head,

Bringing their shrill forebodings of disaster ;  
Bent crone and barren beldame, how they sped,  
Each with the dreariest tale her tongue could  
master !

But thou and I  
Cared not : they would be silent by and by.

The heroes of thy kindred, little brown head,  
Bearing a burden deep of lamentation,  
Wept as they spoke : the maidens newly-wed,  
Trembling, declared thy dark predestination :  
But I and thou  
Lay hushed, close, close together, even as now

Ah me ! but when they had left us, little brown head,

The Ills that they had summoned lingered after ;  
On every side I heard the stealthy tread,  
The wailing voices and the mocking laughter,—  
I saw them creep  
And lay malignant looks upon thy sleep.

For Care stooped low above thee, little brown  
head,

And Pain caressed thee on the hands and feet,  
And Fear's black shadow filled the dusk with dread,  
And Famine breathed on thee—my sweet, my  
sweet !

And Grief, who knelt  
Against thy side—her very tears I felt.

And false Love smiling faintly, little brown head,  
And broken Hope that turns the world to gall,  
And Sickness, and Despair—I saw them spread  
Their malison o'er thee that art my all ;  
Impotent, still,  
I lay and listened : they must have their will.

Last of all, Death—not fearful, little brown head,  
But like a hooded mother, soft and dim,  
Drew near with rustling garments, and did shed  
Clear drops of blessing o'er thine every limb—  
Death, at whose sight  
Those other phantoms dwindled and took flight.

Alas, for thee and me, my little brown head !  
Have I then lured thee into snares of sorrow ?  
Was it for this, for this, the long days led  
My weary steps to that divinest morrow,  
That golden hour,  
When the sealed bud broke to the perfect  
flower ?

How may I foil those Evils, little brown head,  
How may I blunt the weapons they are shaping  
To wound thee sore? Mine eyes uncomforted  
Can see no crevice for our joy's escaping.  
What! shall we two  
Quail and surrender, then, as others do?

No! let us fight and face them, little brown head,  
Through desperate battle waxing ever bolder,  
Selling our life-blood dear. Yea, I being dead,  
Should I forego the conflict? At thy shoulder,  
Yet will I wield  
A broken sword in the unequal field.

Thus upon Fate we trample, little brown head;  
Her promises and threats, alike unstable,  
Shall rift and shift before us: in her stead  
Stands Love unconquered and unconquerable,  
Clad all in fire,  
Opening the doorways of the heart's desire.

So to the end. . . . What foe shall make or mar  
That plenitude of peace, when, warfare ended,  
Wild thyme and clover and the evening star  
Keep watch above us, in one dreaming blended?  
When I and thou  
Lie hushed, close, close together, even as now.

*May Byron.*

LXIX. Cawn Bawn Dheelish ❁ ❁ ❁

*The Dear Fair Head*

LIKE a nestling yet callow in its soft downy  
yellow,

Like the bud on the sallow by the shallow  
moor-stream

With its gold locks entwining, is my child's head  
reclining,

And I see its gold shining still gleam through  
my dream.

And at night-time awaking, your pillow forsaking,  
Your soft refuge making, dear head, on my  
breast ;

When the first ray gives warning of dew-dropping  
morning,

Your fair head, mavourneen, still nestles to rest.

The wind whistles colder—come, hide on my  
shoulder,

And never seem older, my sweetheart, for me !  
The blows Fate may deal us, but the closer shall  
seal us,

I and you, Cawn Bawn Dheelish, acushla ma-  
chree !

*Maurice Clare.*







VII.

May-time in the Garden

*The Sweetness of Love*

## VII

FOR like as herbs and trees bring forth fruit and flourish in May, in likewise every lusty heart, that is in any manner a lover, springeth and flourisheth in lusty deeds. . . . And, in likewise, lovers call again to their mind old gentleness and old service, and many kind deeds that were forgotten by negligence.

*Sir Thomas Malory, "Morte d'Arthur."*







LXX. In May      ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

THE brook down the bank drips into a mossy  
moat—

“Deep, deep, deep!” sings the nightingale,  
“Cool and deep!”

And the rain falls into the jonquil’s golden throat :  
“Whilst I weep,

Thousands of red-fringed daisies are fast asleep !  
Yes, every flower sleeps now, and none will wake—  
Even you, although I perish for your sake !”  
Some one is sobbing the happy May-wood thro’,  
And the wood-doves whisper gently, “Who, love,  
who ?

Who ?”

And a slim yellow bird goes slipping from spray  
to spray ;

“ Here am I, darling,” sings he, “ quite close by !  
All the day laughing over my nest of hay ”—

Hark that cry

Of the nightingale in the silence !—“ Must I die  
For love, love, love, while the crimson hawthorn cup  
Brims full of joy, and the rosy moon curves up  
Its sinking shell, as the nights merge into June ? ”  
And the wood-doves whisper gently, “ Hush, dear !  
Soon !

Soon ! ”

The limestone brook runs into the ferny well,  
And all the sweet May-faces stoop down to  
drink ;

And a fairy chime swings out of its filmy cell,  
Chink-a-chink !

The laburnum-chains grow longer, link by link ;  
And the lithe yellow bird dips into his nest  
on the ground,

“ She is found ! ” sings the nightingale, “ O my  
love, she is found ! ”

And the tall wood-hyacinth opens its bugles blue,  
And the wood-doves whisper gently, “ Who, love ?  
who ?

Who ? ”

*Alice E. Gillington.*

LXXI. Three Kisses      ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

FIRST time he kissed me, he but only kissed  
 The fingers of this hand wherewith I write ;  
 And ever since, it grew more clean and white,  
 Slow to world-greetings, quick with its " Oh, list,"  
 When angels speak. A ring of amethyst  
 I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,  
 Than that first kiss. The second passed in height  
 The first, and sought the forehead, and half-missed,  
 Half falling on the hair. O beyond need !  
 That was the chrism of love, which love's own  
     crown,  
 With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.  
 The third upon my lips was folded down,  
 In perfect purple state ; since when, indeed,  
 I have been proud and said, " My love, my own."  
                                           *E. B. Browning.*

LXXII. Love Me if I Live      ❀ ❀ ❀

LOVE me if I live !  
 Love me if I die !  
 What to me is life or death,  
     So that thou art nigh ?  
  
 Once I loved thee rich,  
     Now I love thee poor ;  
 Ah ! what is there I could not,  
     For thy sake, endure ?

Kiss me for my love !  
Pay me for my pain !  
Come, and murmur in my ear  
How thou lov'st again !

*Barry Cornwall.*

LXXIII. Greenwood Love      ❁      ❁      ❁

ROUND us the wild creatures, overhead the  
trees,  
Underfoot the moss-tracks—life and love with  
these !  
I to wear a fawn-skin, thou to dress in flowers :  
All the long lone Summer-day, that greenwood life  
of ours !

Rich-pavilioned rather,—still the world without—  
Inside — gold-roofed silk-walled silence round  
about !  
Queen it thou on purple—I, at watch and ward  
Couched beneath the columns, gaze, thy slave,  
love's guard !

So, for us no world ? Let throngs press thee to  
me !  
Up and down amid men, heart by heart fare we !  
Welcome squalid vesture, harsh voice, hateful face !  
God is soul, souls I and thou : with souls should  
souls have place.

*Robert Browning.*



LXXIV. The Posie ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

O LUVE will venture in  
Where it daurna weel be seen;  
O luve will venture in  
Where wisdom aince has been;  
But I will down yon river rove  
Among the wood sae green—  
And a' to pu' a posie  
To my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu',  
The firstling o' the year,  
And I will pu' the pink,  
The emblem o' my dear,  
For she's the pink o' womankind,  
And blooms without a peer—  
And a' to be a posie  
To my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose,  
When Phœbus peeps in view  
For it's like a baumy kiss  
O' her sweet bonnie mou';  
The hyacinth for constancy,  
Wi' its unchanging blue—  
And a' to be a posie  
To my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure,  
And the lily it is fair,

And in her lovely bosom  
I'll place the lily there ;  
The daisy's for simplicity,  
And unaffected air—  
And a' to be a posie  
To my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu'  
With its locks o' siller grey,  
Where, like an aged man,  
It stands at break o' day.  
But the songster's nest within the bush  
I winna tak away—  
And a' to be a posie  
To my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu',  
When the evening star is near,  
And the diamond drops o' dew  
Shall be her een sae clear :  
The violet's for modesty,  
Which weel she fa's to wear—  
And a' to be a posie  
To my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round  
Wi' the silken band o' luvie,  
And I'll place it in her breast,  
And I'll swear by a' abuve,  
That to my latest draught o' life  
The band will ne'er remuve—  
And this will be a posie  
To my ain dear May.

*Robert Burns.*

LXXV. Garden-Fancies    ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

*The Flower's Name*

HERE'S the garden she walked across,  
Arm in my arm, such a short while since :  
Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss  
Hinders the hinges and makes them wince !  
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,  
As back with that murmur the wicket swung ;  
For she laid the poor snail my chance foot spurned,  
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel-walk  
She went while her robe's edge brushed the box :  
And here she paused in her gracious talk  
To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.  
Roses, ranged in valiant row,  
I will never think that she passed you by !  
She loves you, noble roses, I know ;  
But, yonder, see, where the rock-plants lie !

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,  
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim ;  
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,  
Its soft meandering Spanish name :  
What a name ! was it love or praise ?  
Speech half-asleep or song half-awake ?  
I must learn Spanish, one of these days,  
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,  
I may bring her, one of these days,  
To fix you fast with as fine a spell,  
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase !  
But do not detain me now ; for she lingers  
There, like sunshine over the ground,  
And ever, I see her soft white fingers  
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,  
Stay as you are and be loved for ever !  
Bud, if I kiss you 'tis that you blow not :  
Mind, the shut pink mouth opens never !  
For while it pouts, her fingers wrestle,  
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,  
Till round they turn and down they nestle—  
Is not the dear mark still to be seen ?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish ;  
Whither I follow her, beauties flee ;  
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish  
June's twice June since she breathed it with me ?  
Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,  
Treasure my lady's lightest foot-fall !  
—Ah, you may flout and turn up your faces—  
Roses, you are not so fair after all !

*R. Browning.*

## VIII. Old-Fashioned Blossoms

*Old-world Love-songs*

## VIII

*Duke.* O FELLOW, come : the song we had last  
night,—  
Mark it, Cesario : it is old and plain :  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread  
with bones,  
Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of Love  
Like the old age.

*William Shakespeare, "Twelfth Night."*



LXXVI. Since First I Saw Your Face ♣

SINCE first I saw your face, I resolved  
To honour and renown you.  
If now I be despised, I wish  
My heart had never known you.  
What, I that loved and you that liked,  
Shall we begin to wrangle?  
No, no, no, my heart is fast,  
And cannot disentangle.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,  
Rejoiceth all beholders :  
And your sweet beauty past compare  
Made my poor heart the bolder.  
Where beauty calls, and wit delights,  
And ties of kindness bind me,  
There, oh there, where'er I go,  
I leave my heart behind me.

*Thomas Ford.*

LXXVII. Phillida's Love-call to Her Corydon and His Replying      ❁   ❁   ❁

*Phil.* CORYDON, arise my Corydon,  
Titan shineth clear.

*Cor.* Who is it that calleth Corydon,  
Who is it that I hear?

*Phil.* Phillida thy true love calleth thee,  
Arise then, arise then,  
Arise and keep thy flock with me.

*Cor.* Phillida, my true love, is it she?  
I come then, I come then,  
I come and keep my flock with thee.

*Phil.* Here are cherries ripe, my Corydon,  
Eat them for my sake.

*Cor.* Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,  
Sport for thee to make.

*Phil.* Here are threads, my true one, fine as silk,  
To knit thee, to knit thee,  
A pair of stockings white as milk.

*Cor.* Here are reeds, my true one, fine and neat,  
To make thee, to make thee,  
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

*Phil.* I will gather flowers, my Corydon,  
To set in thy cap.

*Cor.* I will gather pears, my lovely one,  
To put in thy lap.



*Phil.* I will buy my true love garters gay,  
For Sundays, for Sundays,  
To wear about his legs so tall.

*Cor.* I will buy my true love yellow say,  
For Sundays, for Sundays,  
To wear about her middle small.

*Phil.* When my Corydon sits on a hill  
Making melody :

*Cor.* When my lovely one goes to her wheel,  
Singing cheerily.

*Phil.* Sure methinks my true love doth excel  
For sweetness, for sweetness,  
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.

*Cor.* And methinks my true love bears the bell  
For clearness, for clearness,  
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

*Phil.* Had my Corydon, my Corydon,  
Been (alack) her swain :

*Cor.* Had my lovely one, my lovely one,  
Been in Ida plain :

*Phil.* Cynthia Endymion had refus'd,  
Preferring, preferring,  
My Corydon to play withal.

*Cor.* The queen of love had been excus'd  
Bequeathing, bequeathing,  
My Phillida the golden ball.

*Phil.* Yonder comes my mother, Corydon,  
Whither shall I fly?  
*Cor.* Under yonder beech, my lovely one,  
While she passeth by.  
*Phil.* Say to her thy true love was not here :  
Remember, remember,  
To-morrow is another day.  
*Cor.* Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear,  
Farewell then, farewell then,  
Heaven keep our loves alway.

*Ignolo.*

LXXVIII. An Odd Conceit    ❀    ❀    ❀

LOVELY kind and kindly loving,  
Such a mind were worth the moving ;  
Truly fair and fairly true,—  
Where are all these but in you?

Wisely kind and kindly wise,  
Blessed life, where such love lies !  
Wise and kind and fair and true,—  
Lovely live all these in you.

Sweetly dear and dearly sweet,  
Blessed, where these blessings meet !  
Sweet, fair, wise, kind, blessed, true,—  
Blessed be all these in you !

*Nicholas Breton.*

LXXIX. The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

THERE was a youthe, and a well - beloved  
youthe,

And he was a squire's son ;  
He loved the bayliffe's daughter deare  
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe  
That he did love her soe,  
Noe, nor at any time would she  
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friends did understand  
His fond and foolish minde,  
They sent him up to faire London,  
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,  
And never his love could see,—  
“Many a teare have I shed for her sake,  
When she little thought of mee.”

Then all the maids of Islington  
Went forth to sport and playe,  
All but the bayliffe's daughter deare ;  
She secretly stole awaye.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,  
And put on ragged attire,

And to faire London she would go,  
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,  
The weather being hot and drye,  
She sat her downe upon a green bank,  
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,  
Catching hold of his bridle-reine ;  
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she sayd,  
"Will ease me of much paine."

"Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,  
Praye tell me where you were borne."  
"At Islington, kind sir," said she,  
"Where I have had many a scorne."

"I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,  
O tell me, whether you knowe  
The bayliffe's daughter of Islington."  
"She is dead, long agoe."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,  
My saddle, and bridle also ;  
For I will into some farr countrye,  
Where noe man shall me knowe."

"O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,  
She standeth by thy side ;

She is here alive, she is not dead,  
And readye to be thy bride."

"O farewell grieve, and welcome joye,  
Ten thousand times therefore ;  
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,  
Whom I thought I should never see more."

*Old Ballad.*

## LXXX. The Singing Shepherd      ❧      ❧

JOLLY shepherd, singing on a hill,  
On a hill so merrily,  
On a hill so cheerily,  
Fear not, shepherd, thus to pipe thy fill,  
Till every vale, till every plain,  
Both sing and say, Love feels no pain !

Jolly shepherd, singing in the sun,  
In the sun so merrily,  
In the sun so cheerily,  
Sing forth thy songs, and let thy rhymes run  
Down to the dales from the hills above,  
Both sing and say, No life like love !

Jolly shepherd, singing in the shade,  
In the shade so merrily,  
In the shade so cheerily,  
Joy in thy life, life of shepherd's trade,  
Joy in thy love, love full of glee,  
Both sing and say, Sweet Love for me !

Jolly shepherd, shepherd here or there,  
Here or there so merrily,  
Here or there so cheerily,  
Or in thy chat, or in thy cheer,  
In every jig, in every lay,  
Both sing and say, Love lasts for aye !

*John Woolton.*

LXXXI. Madrigal ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

LOVE not me for comely grace,  
For my pleasing eye or face,  
Nor for any outward part :  
No, nor for a constant heart !  
For these may fail or turn to ill :  
So thou and I shall sever.  
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,  
And love me still, but know not why !  
So hast thou the same reason still  
To dote upon me ever.

*John Wilbye.*

LXXXII. A Dialogue between Him and  
His Heart ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

AT her fair hands how have I grace entreated,  
With prayers oft repeated !  
Yet still my love is thwarted :  
Heart, let her go, for she'll not be converted—

Say, shall she go ?

O no, no, no, no, no :

She is most fair, though she be marble-hearted.

How often have my sighs declared mine anguish,  
Wherein I daily languish !

Yet doth she still procure it :

Heart, let her go, for I cannot endure it.

Say, shall she go ?

O no, no, no, no, no :

She gave the wound, and she alone must cure it.

But shall I still a true affection owe her,

Which prayers, sighs, tears, do show her,

And shall she still disdain me ?

Heart, let her go, if they no grace can gain me.

Say, shall she go ?

O no, no, no, no, no :

She made me hers, and hers she will retain me.

But if the love that hath, and still doth burn me,

No love at length return me,

Out of my thoughts I'll set her.

Heart, let her go ; oh, heart, I pray thee, let her.

Say, shall she go ?

O no, no, no, no, no :

Fixed in the heart, how can the heart forget her ?

*W. Davidson.*

LXXXIII. The Praise of Love    ❀    ❀

FAIN would I change that note  
To which fond love hath charm'd me,  
Long, long to sing by rote,  
Fancying that that harm'd me ;  
Yet when this thought doth come,  
"Love is the perfect sum  
Of all delight,"  
I have no other choice  
Either for pen or voice  
To sing or write.

O Love, they wrong thee much  
That say thy sweet is bitter,  
When thy rich fruit is such  
As nothing can be sweeter.  
Fair house of joy and bliss  
Where truest pleasure is,  
I do adore thee ;  
I know thee what thou art,  
I serve thee with my heart,  
And fall before thee.

*Tobias Hume.*



## IX. A Green Pleasance

*Love of Friends*

## IX

THERE are wonders in true affection. It is a body of enigmas, mysteries, and riddles ; wherein two so become one as they both become two. I love my friend before myself, and yet, methinks. I do not love him enough. Some few months hence, my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all.

*Sir Thomas Browne, "Religio Medici."*



#### LXXXIV. The Friendship-Flower ❀ ❀

WHEN first the Friendship-flower is planted  
Within the garden of your soul,  
Little of care or thought is wanted  
To guard its beauty fresh and whole ;  
But when the full impassioned age  
Has well revealed the magic bloom,  
A wise and holy tutelage  
Alone avoids the open tomb.

It is not absence you should dread,  
For Absence is the very air  
In which, if sound at root, the head  
Shall wave most wonderful and fair :  
With sympathies of joy and sorrow  
Fed, as with morn and even dews,  
Ideal colouring it may borrow  
Richer than ever earthly hues.

*Lord Houghton.*

LXXXV. The Meeting of the Waters ❀

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so  
sweet,  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters  
meet ;  
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom from that valley shall fade from  
my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the  
scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;  
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were  
near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment  
more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of Nature  
improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we  
love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca ! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love  
best,

The third upon my lips was folded down  
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,  
I have been proud and said, "My love, my own!"

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Where the storms that we feel in this cold world  
should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in  
peace.

*Thomas Moore.*

LXXXVI. The Best of Friends    ❀   ❀

N O truer friend than woman man discovers,  
So that they have not been, nor can be  
lovers.

*Author Unknown.*

LXXXVII. I saw in Louisiana a Live-  
Oak Growing    ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

I SAW in Louisiana a live-oak growing,  
All alone stood it and the moss hung down  
from the branches,  
Without any companion it grew there uttering  
joyous leaves of dark green,  
And its look, rude, unbending, lusty, made me  
think of myself,  
But I wonder'd how it could utter joyous leaves  
standing alone there without its friend near,  
for I know I could not,  
And I broke off a twig with a certain number of  
leaves upon it, and twined around it a little  
moss,

"O never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining  
 An image whose looks are so joyless and dim :—  
 But yon little god, upon roses reclining,  
 We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of  
 him."  
 So the bargain was struck: with the little god  
 laden  
 She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove :  
 "Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first  
 maiden  
 Who came but for Friendship, and took away  
 Love."

*Thomas Moore.*

# XC. Friendship ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

A RUDDY drop of manly blood  
 The surging sea outweighs,  
 The world uncertain comes and goes,  
 The lover rooted stays.  
 I fancied he was fled,—  
 And, after many a year,  
 Glowed unexhausted kindliness  
 Like daily sunrise there.  
 My careful heart was free again,  
 O friend, my bosom said,  
 Through thee alone the sky is arched,  
 Through thee the rose is red ;  
 All things through thee take nobler form,



And look beyond the earth,  
The mill-round of our fate appears  
A sun-path in thy worth,  
Me too thy nobleness has taught  
To master my despair ;  
The fountains of my hidden life  
Are through thy friendship fair.

*R. W. Emerson.*

XCI. Farewell!—but whenever you welcome the Hour ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the  
hour  
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your  
bower,  
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it  
too,  
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.  
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain  
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of  
pain,  
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw  
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with  
you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up  
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each  
cup,  
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,

My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that  
night ;  
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your  
wiles,  
And return to me beaming all o'er with your  
smiles—  
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,  
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were  
here !"

Let Fate do her worst ; there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot  
destroy,  
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.  
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !  
Like the vase, in which roses have once been  
distill'd—  
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you  
will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

*Thomas Moore.*

## XCII. Of the terrible doubt of Appearances

WHEN he whom I love travels with me or  
sits a long while holding me by the hand,  
When the subtle air, the impalpable, the sense that  
words and reason hold not, surround us and  
pervade us,

Then I am charged with untold and untellable  
wisdom, I am silent, I require nothing further,  
I cannot answer the question of appearances or that  
of identity beyond the grave,  
But I walk or sit indifferent, I am satisfied,  
He ahold of my hand has completely satisfied  
me. *Walt Whitman.*

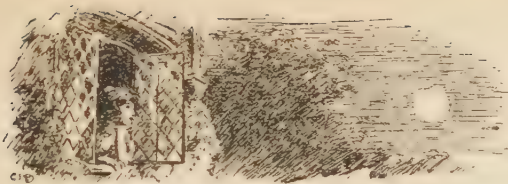


## X. Night and the Nightingale

*Serenades*

THESE things are but toys, to come among such serious observations. But yet, since princes will have such things, it is better they should be graced with elegancy. . . . And generally let it be noted that those things which I have set down here are such as do naturally take the sense, . . . things of great beauty and pleasure: for they feed and relieve the eye, before it be full of the same object.

*Francis Bacon, "Essays."*



### XCIII. The Night Piece ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

*To Julia*

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
The shooting stars attend thee ;  
And the elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow,  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mis-light thee,  
Nor snake, or slow-worm bite thee ;  
But on, on thy way,  
Not making a stay,  
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber ;  
What though the moon do slumber ?  
The stars of the night  
Will lend thee their light,  
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me ;  
And when I shall meet  
Thy silv'ry feet,  
My soul I'll pour into thee.

*Robert Herrick.*

XCIV. Cleveland's Serenade    ❀    ❀    ❀

*From "The Pirate"*

LOVE wakes and weeps  
While Beauty sleeps !  
O for music's softest numbers,  
To prompt a theme  
For Beauty's dream,  
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers !

Through groves of palm  
Sigh gales of balm,  
Fireflies on the air are wheeling ;  
While through the gloom  
Comes soft perfume,  
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live !  
No dreams can give  
A shadowed bliss the real excelling ;  
No longer sleep,  
From lattice peep,  
And list the tale that love is telling ;  
*Sir Walter Scott.*



XCV. Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal    ❀

NOW sleeps the crimson petal, now the white ;  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;  
Nor winks the gold fish in the porphyry font :  
The firefly wakens : waken thou with me.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

Now lies the Earth all Danae to the stars,  
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves  
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake :  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

*Lord Tennyson.*

XCVI. While She lies Sleeping    ❀    ❀

WEEP you no more, sad fountains,  
What need you flow so fast ?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.  
But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lie sleeping  
Softly, now softly lie sleeping !

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets;  
Doth not the sun rise smiling,  
When fair at e'en he sets?  
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping  
Softly, now softly lies sleeping!

*John Dowland.*

XCVII. Bedouin Love Song    ❁   ❁   ❁

FROM the Desert I come to thee  
On a stallion shod with fire;  
And the winds are left behind  
In the speed of my desire.  
Under thy window I stand,  
And the midnight hears my cry:  
I love thee, I love but thee,  
With a love that shall not die  
*Till the sun grows cold,*  
*And the stars are old,*  
*And the leaves of the Judgment*  
*Book unfold!*

Look from thy window and see  
My passion and my pain;  
I lie on the sands below,  
And I faint in thy disdain.  
Let the night-winds touch thy brow

With the heat of my burning sigh,  
And melt thee to hear the vow  
Of a love that shall not die  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold !*

My steps are nightly driven,  
By the fever in my breast,  
To hear from thy lattice breathed  
The word that shall give me rest.  
Open the door of thy heart,  
And open thy chamber door,  
And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
The love that shall fade no more  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold.*

*Bayard Taylor.*

XCVIII. Spanish Serenade    ♣   ♣   ♣

**S**TARS of the summer night  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light !  
She sleeps !  
My lady sleeps !  
Sleeps !

Moon of the summer night !

Far down yon western steeps,

Sink, sink in silver light !

She sleeps !

My lady sleeps !

Sleeps !

Wind of the summer night !

Where yonder woodbine creeps,

Fold, fold thy pinions light !

She sleeps !

My lady sleeps !

Sleeps !

Dreams of the summer night !

Tell her, her lover keeps

Watch ! while in slumbers light

She sleeps !

My lady sleeps !

Sleeps !

*H. W. Longfellow.*

XCIX. An Elizabethan Serenade ♣ ♣

WHO is it that this dark night

Underneath my window plaineth ?

It is one who from thy sight

Being, ah, exiled, disdaineth

Every other vulgar light.





Why, alas, and are you he?  
Be not yet those fancies changèd?  
Dear, when you find change in me,  
Though from me you be estrangèd,  
Let my change to ruin be.

Well, in absence this will die;  
Leave to see, and leave to wonder,  
Absence sure will help, if I  
Can learn how my self to sunder  
From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will these thoughts remove:  
Time doth work what no men knoweth.  
Time doth as the subject prove;  
With time still the affection groweth  
In the faithful turtle-dove.

What if you new beauties see,  
Will they not stir new affection?  
I will think they pictures be  
(Image-like, of saints' perfection)  
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

But your reason's purest light  
Bids you leave such minds to nourish.  
Dear, do reason no such spite;  
Never doth thy beauty flourish  
More than in my reason's sight.

*Sir Philip Sidney.*

C. Were I a Drop of Dew    ❀   ❀   ❀

WERE I a drop of dew  
This hour,  
And you  
Some fair and fragrant flow'r,—  
O swiftly there I'd fall,  
And all  
The night  
Sleep in your petals soft and white.  
  
Then when the morning blue  
Should break,  
And you  
From out your dream should wake,  
Without a sign or word,  
Unheard,  
Unseen,  
I'd fade amid your leaves of green!

*Maurice Clare.*

CI. Indian Serenade    ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

I ARISE from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright :  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me—who knows how?—  
To thy chamber-window, Sweet !



The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream—  
The Champak odours fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart;—  
As I must die on thine,  
Oh, belovèd as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !  
I die, I faint, I fail !  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas !  
My heart beats loud and fast ;—  
Oh ! press it close to thine again,  
Where it will break at last.

*P. B. Shelley.*



## XI Butterflies

*Lighter Love Lyrics*

## XI

*Cloten.* I WOULD this music would come : I am advised to give her music, . . . they say, it will penetrate. (*Enter Musicians.*) Come on ; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingers, so ; we'll try with voices too : if none will do, let her remain : but I'll ne'er give over. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing : after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

*William Shakespeare, "Cymbeline."*



## CII. The Clown's Song ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear ; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low :  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter ;  
Present mirth hath present laughter ;  
What's to come is still unsure ;  
In delay there lies no plenty ;  
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*William Shakespeare.*

### CIII. Song by a Person of Quality

I SAID to my heart, between sleeping and  
waking,  
Thou wilt thing, that always art leaping or  
aching,  
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in  
what nation,  
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-pat-ation?

Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober  
reply :  
See the heart without motion, though Celia pass  
by !  
Not the beauty she has, or the wit that she  
borrows,  
Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

When our Sappho appears, she whose wit's so  
refined,  
I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind ;  
Whatever she says is with spirit and fire ;  
Every word I attend ; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,  
Ever gazing on Heaven, tho' man is her aim :  
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes ;  
Those stars of the world are too good for the  
skies.

But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,  
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care ;  
When she comes in my way, the emotion, the  
    pain,  
The leapings, the achings, return all again.

O wonderful creature ! a woman of reason !  
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of  
    season !  
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,  
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it  
    was she ?

*Lord Peterborough.*

CIV. Phillis is My only Joy   ❁   ❁   ❁

PHILLIS is my only joy,  
    Faithless as the winds or seas,  
Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,  
    Yet she never fails to please ;  
        If with a frown  
        I am cast down,  
        Phillis smiling  
        And beguiling,  
Makes me happier than before.

Though alas ! too late I find  
    Nothing can her fancy fix,  
Yet the moment she is kind  
    I forgive her for her tricks ;

Which though I see,  
I can't get free,—  
She deceiving,  
I believing,—

What need lovers wish for more ?

*Sir Charles Sedley.*

CV. Love-Thoughts ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

I WOULD be calm,—I would be free  
From thoughts and images of Thee ;  
But Nature and thy will conspire  
To bar me from my fair desire.

The trees are moving with thy grace,  
The water *will* reflect thy face ;  
The very flowers are plotting deep,  
And in thy breath their odours steep.

The breezes, when mine eyes I close,  
With sighs, just like mine own, impose ;  
The nightingale then takes her part,  
And plays thy voice against my heart.

If Thou then in one golden chain  
Canst bind the world, I strive in vain ;  
Perchance my wisest scheme would be  
To join this great conspiracy.

*Lord Houghton.*



CVI. The Promise    ❧   ❧   ❧   ❧   ❧

CROWNED with flowers, I saw fair Amarillis  
By Thirsis sit, hard by a fount of crystal,  
And with her hand more white than snow or  
lilies

On sand she wrote, "My faith shall be  
immortal,"

And suddenly a storm of wind and weather  
Blew all her faith and sand away together.

*William Byrd.*

CVII. Last May a Braw Wooer    ❧   ❧

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang  
glen,

And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;  
I said there was naething I hated like men,  
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,  
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,  
And vowed for my love he was dying ;  
I said he might die when he liked for Jean :  
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,  
The Lord forgie me for lying.

A weel-stocked mailen—himsel' for the laird—  
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :  
I never loot on that I kenned it, or car'd,

But thought that I might hae waur offers, waur  
offers,

But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? In a fortnight or less—

The deil tak his taste to gae near her!

He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,

Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could  
bear her,

Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,

I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,

And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!

I glowered as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,

I glowered as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,

Lest neebors might say I was saucy;

My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,

And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,

And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,

Gin she had recovered her hearin',

And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't  
feet,

But Heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',

But Heavens! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for Gudesake, I wad be his wife,  
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;  
So, e'en to preserve the poor body in life,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

*Robert Burns.*

CVIII. The Dissembler    ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,  
Conveys it in a borrow'd name :  
Euphelia serves to grace my measure ;  
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre  
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;  
When Chloe noted her desire,  
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise ;  
But with my numbers mix my sighs :  
And while I sing Euphelia's praise,  
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd  
I sung and gazed : I play'd and trembled :  
And Venus to the Loves around  
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.

*Matthew Prior.*

CIX. When Love is Kind



WHEN Love is kind,  
Cheerful and free,  
Love's sure to find  
Welcome from me.

But when Love brings  
Heartache or pang,  
Tears, and such things—  
Love may go hang!

If Love can sigh  
For one alone,  
Well pleased am I  
To be that one.

But should I see  
Love giv'n to rove  
To two or three,  
Then—goodbye, Love!

Love must, in short,  
Keep fond and true,  
Through good report,  
And evil too.

Else, here I swear,  
Young Love may go,  
For aught I care—  
To Jericho!

*Thomas Moore.*

CX. A Hymn to Love    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

I WILL confess,  
    With cheerfulness,  
Love is a thing so likes me,  
    That, let her lay  
    On me all day,  
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,  
    Now blubb'ring cry :  
It, ah ! too late repents me,  
    That I did fall  
    To love at all,  
Since love so much contents me.

No, no, I'll be  
    In fetters free ;  
While others they sit wringing  
    Their hands for pain,  
    I'll entertain  
The wounds of love with singing.  
                                *Robert Herrick.*

CXI. Sympathy    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,  
While each was in quest of a fugitive love ;  
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,  
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"  
"O, never was maid so deserted before!"  
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,  
And jump in together for company!"

They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed,  
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;  
"How tiresome it is!" said the fair with a sigh;  
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed at each other, the maid and the knight;  
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height!  
"One mournful embrace," sobbed the youth, "ere  
we die!"  
So kissing and crying kept company.

"O, had I but loved such an angel as you!"  
"O, had but my swain been a quarter as true!"  
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"  
Sure now they were excellent company!

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,  
"The weather is cold for a watery bier;  
When summer returns we may easily die,  
Till then let us sorrow in company."

*Reginald Heber.*

CXII. The Stolen Heart



I PRYTHER send me back my heart  
Since I cannot have thine ;  
For if from yours you will not part,  
Why then shouldst thou have mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie ;  
To find it were in vain,  
For thou'st a thief in either eye  
Would steal it back again.

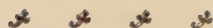
Why should two hearts in one breast lie,  
And yet not lodge together ?  
O love ! where is thy sympathy,  
If thus our breasts you sever ?

But love is such a mystery,  
I cannot find it out ;  
For when I think I'm best resolved,  
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell love, and farewell woe,  
I will no longer pine ;  
For I'll believe I have her heart  
As much as she hath mine.

*Sir John Suckling.*

CXIII. Dear Fanny



"SHE has beauty, but still you must keep your  
heart cool :

She has wit, but you mustn't be caught so" :  
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,  
And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,  
Dear Fanny,  
'Tis not the first time I have thought so.

"She is lovely ; then love her, nor let the bliss  
fly ;

'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season" ;  
Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny  
That Love reasons much better than Reason,  
Dear Fanny ?

Love reasons much better than Reason.

*Thomas Moore.*

CXIV. The Deceiver



YOU smiled, you spoke, and I believed,  
By every word and smile deceived.  
Another man would hope no more—  
Nor hope what I had hoped before :  
But let not this last wish be vain,  
Deceive—deceive me once again !

*Walter Savage Landor.*



CXV. Phillida Flouts me



O H, what a plague is love !  
I cannot bear it,  
She will inconstant prove,  
I greatly fear it ;  
It so torments my mind,  
That my heart faileth,  
She wavers with the wind,  
As a ship saileth ;  
Please her the best I may,  
She looks another way ;  
Alack and well a-day !  
Phillida flouts me.

I often heard her say  
That she loved posies ;  
In the last month of May  
I gave her roses,  
Cowslips and gillyflow'rs  
And the sweet lily,  
I got to deck the bow'rs  
Of my dear Philly ;  
She did them all disdain,  
And threw them back again ;  
Therefore, 'tis flat and plain  
Phillida flouts me.

Which way soe'er I go,  
She still torments me ;

And whatsoe'er I do,  
Nothing contents me :  
I fade, and pine away  
With grief and sorrow ;  
I fall quite to decay,  
Like any shadow ;  
Since 'twill no better be,  
I'll bear it patiently ;  
Yet all the world may see  
Phillida flouts me.

*Seventeenth Century Song.*

CXVI. Tam Glen    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

MY heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie !  
Some counsel unto me come len',  
To anger them a' is a pity,  
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,  
In poortith I might mak a fen' ;  
What care I in riches to wallow,  
If I maunna marry Tam Glen ?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,  
"Guid-day to you,"—brute ! he comes ben :  
He brags and he braws o' his siller,  
But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?

My minnie does constantly deave me,  
And bids me beware o' young men ;

They flatter, she says, to deceive me,  
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten :  
But, if it's ordained I maun take him,  
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentine's dealing,  
My heart to my mou' gied a sten ;  
For thrice I drew ane without failing,  
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin  
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;  
His likeness cam up the house staukin,  
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen !

Come, counsel, dear Tittie ! don't tarry—  
I'll gie ye my bonnie black hen,  
Gif ye will advise me to marry  
The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen.

*Robert Burns.*

## CXVII. The Despairing Lover



DISTRACTED with care,  
For Phillis the fair,  
Since nothing can move her,  
Poor Damon, her lover,  
Resolves in despair

No longer to languish,  
Nor bear so much anguish ;  
But, mad with his love,  
    To a precipice goes,  
Where a leap from above  
    Will soon finish his woes.

When, in rage, he came there,  
    Beholding how steep  
The sides did appear,  
    And the bottom how deep ;  
His torments projecting,  
And sadly reflecting  
That a lover forsaken  
    A new love may get ;  
But a neck when once broken,  
    Can never be set :

And that he could die  
    Whenever he would ;  
But that he could live  
    But as long as he could ;  
How grievous soever  
    The torment might grow,  
He scorn'd to endeavour  
    To finish it so.  
But bold, unconcern'd,  
    At the thoughts of the pain,  
He calmly return'd  
    To his cottage again.

*William Walsh.*

CXVIII. Thought from Catullus    ❁    ❁

CHLOE, that dear bewitching prude,  
Still calls me saucy, pert, and rude,  
And sometimes almost strikes me;  
And yet I swear, I can't tell how,  
Spite of the knitting of her brow,  
I'm very sure she likes me.

Ask you me why I fancy thus?  
Why, I have call'd her jilt, and puss,  
And thought myself above her;  
And yet I feel it to my cost,  
That when I rail against her most,  
I'm very sure I love her.

*Robert Lloyd.*



## XII. The Bower

*The Ardent Lover.*

## XII

THERE remains still in some small measure, beyond the merely formative and sustaining power, another, which we painters call passion : I don't know what the philosophers call it : we know it makes people red or white, and therefore it must be something itself, and perhaps it is the most truly "poetic" or "making" force of all, creating a world of its own out of a glance, or a sigh. . . . It seems to me the feelings of the purest and most mightily passionate human souls are likely to be the truest.

*John Ruskin, "Ethics of the Dust."*





CXIX. Cean Dubh Deelish<sup>1</sup> ❀ ❀ ❀

PUT your head, darling, darling, darling,  
Your darling black head my heart above ;  
Oh, mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,  
Who, with heart in breast, could deny you  
love ?  
Oh, many and many a young girl for me is pining  
Letting her locks of gold to the cold wind free,  
For me, the foremost of our gay young fellows ;  
But I'd leave a hundred, pure love, for thee !  
Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,  
Your darling black head my heart above ;  
Oh, mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,  
Who, with heart in breast, could deny you love ?

*Sir Samuel Ferguson (adapted from the Irish).*

<sup>1</sup> (*Pron. Cawn dhu deelish—i.e., "Dear black head."*)

CXX. To Celia ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine ;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine ;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be :  
But thou thereon didst only breathe :  
And sent'st it back to me ;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee !

*Ben Jonson.*

CXXI. There's a Woman like a Dew-drop

THERE'S a woman like a dew-drop, she's so  
purer than the purest ;  
And her noble heart's the noblest, yes, and her  
sure faith's the surest :  
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth  
on depth of lustre

Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier  
than the wild-grape cluster,  
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's  
rose-misted marble :  
Then her voice's music . . . call it the well's  
bubbling, the bird's warble !

And this woman says, " My days were sunless  
and my nights were moonless,  
" Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the  
lark's heart's outbreak tuneless,  
" If you loved me not ! " And I who—ah, for  
words of flame ! adore her !  
Who am made to lay my spirit prostrate palpably  
before her—  
I may enter at her portal soon, as now her  
lattice takes me,  
And by noontide as by midnight make her mine,  
as hers she makes me !

*Robert Browning.*

CXXII. Faith's Avowal    ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

DEAR, if you change, I'll never choose again ;  
Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love ;  
Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain ;  
Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll never prove.  
Dear, sweet, fair, wise,—change, shrink, nor be not  
weak ;  
And, on my faith, my faith shall never break.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn ;  
Heaven her bright stars through earth's dim  
globe shall move,  
Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flames be born ;  
Air, made to shine, as black as hell shall prove :  
Earth, heaven, fire, air, the world transformed  
shall view,  
Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you.

*John Dowland.*

CXXIII. Love's Philosophy ❧ ❧ ❧

THE fountains mingle with the river  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of Heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion ;  
Nothing in the world is single ;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle,—  
Why not I with thine ?—

See, the mountains kiss high Heaven  
And the waves clasp one another ;  
No sister-flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother ;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea :  
What is all this sweet work worth,  
If thou kiss not me ?

*P. B. Shelley.*

CXXIV. To Anthea ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

BID me to live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant to be ;  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free,  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay  
To honour thy decree ;  
Or bid it languish quite away,  
And't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,  
While I have eyes to see ;  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me ;  
And hast command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.

*Robert Herrick,*

CXXV. Maid of Athens ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh give me back my heart !  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest  
Hear my vow before I go,  
*Zoë mou, sas agapo.*<sup>1</sup>

By those tresses unconfined,  
Woo'd by each Ægean wind ;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Zoë mou, sas agapo.*

By that lip I long to taste,  
By that zone-encircled waist,  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well ;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Zoë mou, sas agapo.*

Maid of Athens ! I am gone :  
Think of me, sweet ! when alone.  
Though I fly to Istambol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul :  
Can I cease to love thee ? No !  
*Zoë mou, sas agapo.*

*Lord Byron.*

<sup>1</sup> My life, I love you.

CXXVI. Come, O Come



COME, O come, my life's delight,  
 Let me not in languor pine!  
 Love loves no delay; thy sight,  
 The more enjoyed, the more divine:  
 O come, and take from me  
 The pain of being deprived of thee!

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,  
 Like a little world of bliss.  
 Beauty guards thy looks: the rose  
 In them pure and eternal is.  
 Come, then, and make thy flight  
 As swift to me, as heavenly light.

*Thomas Campion.*

CXXVII. Love Inveterate



WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,  
 And you, my love, as high as heaven above,  
 Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,  
 Ascend to heaven in honour of my love.  
 Were I as high as heaven above the plain,  
 And you, my love, as humble and as low  
 As are the deepest bottoms of the main,  
 Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should  
 go,

Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,  
 My love should shine on you like to the sun,

*The Garden of Poets.*

And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,  
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were  
done.

Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you,  
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love  
you.

*J. Sylvester.*

CXXVIII. O Wert Thou in the Cauld  
Blast    ❁    ❁    ❁    ❁    ❁    ❁    ❁

O WERT thou in the cauld blast  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee :  
Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
Thy bield should be my bosom,  
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
The desert were a paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there ;  
Or were I monarch o' the globe,  
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my crown  
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

*Robert Burns.*



CXXIX. A Man's Requirements    ❁    ❁

LOVE me, Sweet, with all thou art,  
Feeling, thinking, seeing :  
Love me in the lightest part,  
Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth  
In its frank surrender ;  
With the vowing of thy mouth,  
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,  
Made for earnest granting ;  
Taking colour from the skies,—  
Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids, that fall  
Snow-like at first meeting ;  
Love me with thine heart, that all  
Neighbours then see beating.

Love me with thine hand stretched out  
Freely, open-minded :  
Love me with thy loitering foot,—  
Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice that turns  
Sudden faint above me ;  
Love me with thy blush that burns  
When I murmur, *Love me!*

Love me with thy thinking soul,  
Break it to love sighing ;  
Love me with thy thoughts that roll  
On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,  
When the world has crown'd thee ;  
Love me kneeling at thy prayers  
With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as musers do,  
Up the woodlands shady ;  
Love me gaily, fast and true,  
As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,  
Further off or nigher,  
Love me for the house and grave,  
And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt love me, Dear,  
Woman's love no fable,  
*I* will love *thee*—half a year,  
As a man is able.

*E. B. Browning.*

CXXX. How Many Times ♣ ♣ ♣

HOW many times do I love thee, dear ?  
Tell me how many thoughts there be  
In the atmosphere  
Of a new-fall'n year,  
Whose white and sable hours appear  
The latest flake of Eternity :—  
So many times do I love thee, dear,

How many times do I love again ?  
Tell me how many beads there are  
In a silver chain  
Of evening rain  
Unravell'd from the tumbling main  
And threading the eye of a yellow star :—  
So many times do I love again.

*Thomas Lovell Beddoes.*

CXXXI. Life in a Love ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

ESCAPE me ?  
Never—  
Beloved !  
While I am I, and you are you,  
So long as the world contains us both,  
Me the loving and you the loth,  
While the one eludes, must the other pursue.  
My life is a fault at last, I fear :  
It seems too much like a fate, indeed !  
Though I do my best I shall scarce succeed.

But what if I fail of my purpose here?  
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,  
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,  
And, baffled, get up to begin again,—  
So the chace takes up one's life, that's all.  
While, look but once from your farthest bound  
At me so deep in the dust and dark,  
No sooner the old hope drops to ground  
Than a new one, straight to the self-same mark,  
I shape me—  
Ever  
Removed!

*Robert Browning.*

CXXXII. Ask Me no More ❁ ❁ ❁

ASK me no more: the moon may draw the  
sea;  
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the  
shape  
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;  
But, O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?  
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?  
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:  
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!  
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;  
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are seal'd :  
I strove against the stream, and all in vain :  
Let the great river take me to the main :  
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;  
Ask me no more.

*Lord Tennyson.*

CXXXIII. A Red, Red Rose



O MY luvè's like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June :  
O, my luvè's like the melodic,  
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luvè am I :  
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun :  
I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luvè !  
And fare thee weel a-while !  
And I will come again, my luvè,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

*Robert Burns.*





### XIII.

#### Song Birds and Late Roses

*Little Lyrics of Happy Love.*

### XIII

WE had now, therefore, the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. "After all my misfortunes," cried my son George, "to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I could ever have presumed to hope for. To be possessed of all that's good, and after such an interval of pain! My warmest wishes could never rise so high!"

*Oliver Goldsmith "The Vicar of Wakefield."*









CXXXIV. A Birthday    ❀    ❀    ❀    ❀

MY heart is like a singing bird  
Whose nest is in a watered shoot ;  
My heart is like an appletree  
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit :  
My heart is like a rainbow shell  
That paddles in a halcyon sea ;  
My heart is gladder than all these  
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down ;  
Hang it with vair and purple dyes ;  
Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,  
And peacocks with a hundred eyes ;  
Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
In leaves, and silver fleur-de-lys ;  
Because the birthday of my life  
Is come, my love is come to me.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

CXXXV. The Time of Roses



I T was not in the Winter  
 Our loving lot was cast ;  
 It was the Time of Roses,—  
 We pluck'd them as we pass'd !

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,  
 But still you held me fast ;  
 It was the Time of Roses,—  
 We pluck'd them as we pass'd !

What else could peer thy glowing cheek,  
 That tears began to stud ?  
 And when I ask'd the like of Love,  
 You snatch'd a damask bud,

And oped it to the dainty core,  
 Still glowing to the last,—  
 It was the Time of Roses,—  
 We pluck'd them as we pass'd !

*Thomas Hood.*

CXXXVI. The Tryst



I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white  
 clover,  
 Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate ;  
 "Now if there be footsteps, he comes, my one  
 lover—

Hush, nightingale, hush ! O sweet nightingale,  
wait

Till I listen and hear  
If a step draweth near,  
For my love he is late !

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and  
nearer,

A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,  
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer :  
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou  
see ?

Let the star-clusters glow,  
Let the sweet waters flow,  
And cross quickly to me.

"You night moths that hover where honey brims  
over

From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep ;  
You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathway  
discover

To him that comes darkling along the rough  
steep.

Ah, my sailor, make haste,  
For the time runs to waste,  
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling ; and yet, my one  
lover,

I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-  
night."

By the sycamore passed he, and through the  
white clover,

Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took  
flight ;

But I'll love him more, more  
Than e'er wife loved before,  
Be the days dark or bright.

*Jean Ingelow.*

CXXXVII. Love's Bird    ❀    ❀    ❀    ❀

WHEN thrushes rest the weary head,  
And linnets lie in gold and green,  
When blackbirds on a downy bed  
Are silvered with a moony sheen,

What voice awakes the emerald house?  
What love incarnate flies on wings?  
What passion shakes the trembling boughs?  
It is the Bird of Love that sings.

It is the Bird of Love that sings,  
Stabbing our silence like a sword,  
And Love himself that flies on wings,  
God and enchanter and no bird.

Our moon of honey, our marriage moon,  
Rides in the heaven for our delight ;  
The silver world grows golden soon,  
Honey and gold spilled in the night.







The Bird of Love, the Bird of pain,  
He sings our marriage moon away ;  
Filling the moon with golden rain,  
Betwixt the darkness and the day.

Closer and closer, hold me close,  
For is it Love or Death he sings ?  
And is it Love or Death that goes  
Through the sweet night with rustling wings ?  
*Katharine Tynan.*

CXXXVIII. Finland Love Song ♣ ♣

I SAW the moon rise clear  
O'er hills and vales of snow,  
Nor told my fleet reindeer  
The track I wish'd to go.  
Yet quick he bounded forth ;  
For well my reindeer knew  
I've but one path on earth—  
The path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter cast  
How soon the heart forgets,  
When Summer brings at last,  
Her sun that never sets !  
So dawn'd my love for you ;  
So, fix'd through joy and pain,  
Than summer sun more true,  
'Twill never set again.

*Thomas Moore.*

CXXXIX. Were I a Cloudlet ❀ ❀ ❀

WERE I a cloudlet, flying, flying,  
And you a floweret, dying, dying,  
My heart's blood on your leaves I'd pour,  
And vanish away for evermore.

Were you a cloudlet, flying, flying,  
And I a floweret, dying, dying,  
My last sweet breath to you I'd pour,  
And wither away for evermore.

For love will give and ask no guerdon,  
And love will bear poor sorrow's burden,  
And higher than all clouds may soar,  
Love's glory abides for evermore.

*May Byron.*

CXL. Only We ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

DREAM no more that grief and pain  
Could such hearts as ours enchain,  
Safe from loss and safe from gain,  
Free, as Love makes free.

When false friends pass coldly by,  
Sigh, in earnest pity, sigh,  
Turning thine unclouded eye  
Up from them to me.

Hear not danger's trampling feet,  
Feel not sorrow's wintry sleet,  
Trust that life is just and meet,  
    With mine arm round thee.

Lip on lip, and eye to eye,  
Love to love, we live, we die ;  
No more Thou, and no more I,  
    We, and only We !

*Lord Houghton,*

CXLI. To Althea, from Prison      ❀      ❀

WHEN love, with unconfined wings,  
    Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
    To whisper at the grates ;  
When I lie tangled in her hair,  
    And fetter'd to her eye—  
The birds that wanton in the air  
    Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
    Nor iron bars a cage ;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
    That for an hermitage.  
If I have freedom in my love,  
    And in my soul am free,—  
Angels alone that soar above  
    Enjoy such liberty.

*Richard Lovelace.*

CXLII. The Monopolist    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

IF I were yonder wave, my dear,  
And thou the isle it clasps around,  
I would not let a foot come near  
My land of bliss, my fairy ground !

If I were yonder conch of gold,  
And thou the pearl within it placed,  
I would not let an eye behold  
The sacred gem my arms embraced !

If I were yonder orange-tree,  
And thou the blossom blooming there  
I would not yield a breath of thee,  
To scent the most imploring air !

*Thomas Moore.*

CXLIII. This Heart o' Mine    ❁   ❁

ALL my heart lies open to the dew ;  
Who but you, my dearest, who but you ? ,  
Fall, O Dew, more sweet than honey and wine,  
And fill with living joy this heart o' mine !

All my heart lies open to the wind,  
Who but you, that are now cold, now kind ?  
Come, O Wind, with fragrant touch divine,  
And fill with living breath this heart o' mine !

All my heart lies open to the sun :  
Who but you, my dear, my only one ?

Shine, O Sun, I pray thee, ever shine,  
And fill with living light this heart o' mine !

*Maurice Clare.*

CXLIV. The Summit    ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

OUR breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,  
And our veins beat together ; and our lips,  
With other eloquence than words, eclipse  
The soul that burns between them ; and the wells  
Which boil under our being's inmost cells,  
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be  
Confused in passion's golden purity,  
As mountain-springs under the morning sun.  
We shall become the same, we shall be one  
Spirit within two frames, oh, wherefore two ?  
One passion in twin hearts, which grows and  
grew

Till, like two meteors of expanding flame,  
Those spheres instinct with it become the same,  
Touch, mingle, are transfigured ; ever still  
Burning, yet ever unconsumable ;  
In one another's substance finding food,  
Light flames too pure and light and unimbued  
To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,  
Which point to heaven and cannot pass away :  
One hope within two wills, one will beneath  
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,  
One heaven, one hell, one immortality,  
And one annihilation !

*P. B. Shelley.*

CXLV. She is Mine



O WHAT unhop'd for sweet supply !  
O what joys exceeding !  
What an affecting charm feel I,  
From delight proceeding !  
That which I long despaired to be,  
To her I am, and she to me.

She that alone in cloudy grief  
Long to me appeared :  
She now alone with bright relief  
All those clouds hath cleared.  
Both are immortal and divine !  
Since I am hers, and she is mine.

*Thomas Campion.*

CXLVI. I'd Mourn the Hopes



I'D mourn the hopes that leave me,  
If thy smiles had left me too ;  
I'd weep when friends deceive me,  
If thou wert, like them, untrue.  
But while I've thee before me,  
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,  
No clouds can linger o'er me,  
That smile turns them all to light.

O, 'tis not in fate to harm me,  
While fate leaves thy love to me ;

'Tis not in joy to charm me,  
Unless joy be shared with thee.  
One minute's dream about thee,  
Were worth a long, an endless year,  
Of waking bliss without thee,  
My own love, my only dear !

*Thomas Moore.*

### CXLVII. The Stewardship    ❀   ❀   ❀

THE silence of your ultimate thought is mine,  
Beyond the depth that any word can reach—  
The sacred stillness of the inmost shrine,  
That never yet was marred by mortal speech.

And mine, the fires that on the altar burn,  
The altar of your spirit ; where the dense  
Sweet odours deepen. Have you yet to learn  
Whose fingers flung that nard and frankincense ?

And mine, the word that never yet was said,  
The mystic master-word, the key and clue  
To all you wish or hope for, living or dead—  
The very meaning of the soul of you.

These are all mine—and mine I swear they stand—  
Secret, unsoiled, in veils of love I fold them,  
Till God Himself shall claim them at my hand,  
And I shall yield them Him for Whom I hold  
them.

*M. C. Gillington.*





## XIV. Rosemary for Remembrance

*Love in Absence*

#### XIV

*Imogen.* I DID not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say . . .  
How I would think of him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such : or I could . . .  
have charged him,  
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at  
midnight,  
To encounter me with orisons, for then  
I am in heaven for him.

*William Shakespeare, "Cymbeline."*



CXLVIII. Alter Ego      ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

WE must not part, as others do,  
With sighs and tears as we were two ;  
Though with these outward forms we part,  
We keep each other in our heart.  
What search hath found a being, where  
I am not, if that thou be there ?

True love hath wings, and can as soon  
Survey the world, as sun and moon ;  
And everywhere our triumphs keep  
O'er absence, which makes others weep ;  
By which alone a power is given  
To live on earth, as they in heaven.

*Author Unknown (Early Seventeenth Century).*

CXLIX. The Lonely Road    ❀   ❀   ❀

HERE, ever since you went abroad,  
If there be change, no change I see;  
I only walk our wonted road,  
The road is only walkt by me.

Yes; I forgot; a change there is;  
Was it of *that* you bade me tell?  
I catch at times, at times I miss  
The sight, the tone, I know so well.

Only two months since you stood here!  
Two shortest months! then tell me why  
Voices are harsher than they were,  
And tears are longer ere they dry.

W. S. Landor.

CL. In Three Days    ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

SO, I shall see her in three days  
And just one night, but nights are short,  
Then two long hours, and that is morn.  
See how I come, unchanged, unworn!  
Feel, where my life broke off from thine,  
How fresh the splinters keep and fine,—  
Only a touch and we combine!

Too long, this time of year, the days!  
But nights, at least the nights are short.  
As night shows where her one moon is,

A hand's-breadth of pure light and bliss,  
So life's night gives my lady birth  
And my eyes hold her ! What is worth  
The rest of heaven, the rest of earth ?

O loaded curls, release your store  
Of warmth and scent, as once before  
The tingling hair did, lights and darks  
Outbreaking into fairy sparks,  
When under curl and curl I pried  
After the warmth and scent inside,  
Thro' lights and darks how manifold—  
The dark inspired, the light controlled !  
As early Art embrowns the gold.

What great fear, should one say, "Three days  
"That change the world might change as well  
"Your fortune ; and if joy delays,  
"Be happy that no worse befell !"  
What small fear, if another says,  
"Three days and one short night beside  
"May throw no shadow on your ways ;  
"But years must teem with change untried,  
"With chance not easily defied,  
"With an end somewhere undescried."  
No fear !—or if a fear be born  
This minute, it dies out in scorn.  
Fear ? I shall see her in three days  
And one night, now the nights are short,  
Then just two hours, and that is morn.

*Robert Browning.*

CLI. You and the Spring      ❀ ❀ ❀

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they  
grew ;  
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play.

*William Shakespeare.*

CLII. Wandering Willie      ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ;  
Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,  
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud tho' the Winter blew cauld at our parting,  
'Twas na the blast brought the tear in my e'e :  
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie,  
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me !

Rest, ye wild storms in the cave o' your slumbers—  
How your wild howling a lover alarms !  
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,  
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But O, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,  
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main !  
May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain !

*Robert Burns.*

### CLIII. Memory      ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

SO shuts the marigold her leaves  
At the departure of the sun ;  
So from the honeysuckle sheaves  
The bee goes when the day is done ;  
So sits the turtle when she is but one,  
And so all woe, as I since she is gone.

To some few birds kind Nature hath  
Made all the summer as one day :  
Which once enjoyed, cold winter's wrath  
As night they sleeping pass away.  
Those happy creatures are, they know not yet  
The pain to be deprived, or to forget.

I oft have heard men say there be  
Some that with confidence profess  
The helpful Art of Memory :

But could they teach forgetfulness,  
I'd learn, and try what further art could do  
To make me love her, and forget her too.

Sad melancholy that persuades  
Men from themselves, to think they be  
Headless, or other body's shades,  
Hath long and bootless dwelt with me.  
For could I think she some idea were,  
I still might love, forget, and have her here.

*William Browne.*

CLIV. The Anxious Lover    ❧   ❧   ❧

**B**E your words made, good Sir, of Indian ware,  
That you allow me them by so small rate  
Or do you curted Spartans imitate?  
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare,  
That to my questions you so total are?  
When I demand of Phoenix-Stella's state,  
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late:  
O God, think you that satisfies my care?  
I would know whether she did sit or walk;  
How clothed; how waited on; sighed she, or  
smiled;  
Whereof,—with whom,—how often did she talk;  
With what pastimes Time's journey she beguiled;  
If her lips deigned to sweeten my poor name:  
Say all; and all well said, still say the same.

*Sir Philip Sidney.*







CLV. Love in Absence    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

COME while the sweet Spring stays, O come !  
Come ere the nightingale be dumb ;  
While on her eggs his mate doth sit,  
And all the chestnut lamps are lit.

Come ere the baby leaves grow old,  
Crumpled and soft, these keep the fold  
Of tight enswathèd buds, O come !  
While yet the swallow is new to home.

Come while our orchard like a bride,  
Blushes through white, and evening-tide  
Hangs all the pear-tree with such white  
Spun from the moon-rays for delight.

Come while the yellow moon still shows,  
A moon of honey, a golden rose.  
And while all night in rapt content  
Our garden of Eden spills its scent.

Come, ere the cuckoo's song is over,  
Come in the day of every lover,  
When every lover still wings for home ;  
Come, ere the nightingale be dumb.

*Katharine Tynan.*

CLVI. Absence



WITH leaden foot Time creeps along  
 While Delia is away ;  
 With her, nor plaintive was the song,  
 Nor tedious was the day.

Ah ! envious power ! reverse my doom,  
 Nor double thy career ;  
 Strain every nerve, stretch every plume,  
 And rest them when she's here.

*Richard Fago.*

CLVII. Separation

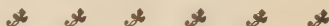


THERE is a mountain and a wood between us,  
 Where the lone shepherd and late bird have  
 seen us

Morning and noon and eventide repass.  
 Between us now the mountain and the wood  
 Seem standing darker than last year they stood,  
 And say we must not cross, alas ! alas !

*W. S. Landor.*

CLVIII. If



IF I had but two little wings,  
 And were a little feathery bird,  
 To you I'd fly, my dear !  
 But thoughts like these are idle things,  
 And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly ;  
I'm always with you in my sleep,  
The world is all one's own.  
But then one wakes, and where am I ?  
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids ;  
So I love to wake ere break of day :  
For though my sleep be gone,  
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,  
And still dreams on.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

CLIX. Remembrance



WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste ;  
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight :  
Then can I grieve at grievances forgone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

*William Shakespeare.*



XV. Rue and Thyme and other Bitter  
Herbs

*Love Reproachful and Cynical*

XV

THE sun of love has set. We sit in the dark—  
I mean you and Corydon, good Madam, or I  
and Amaryllis—uncomfortably, with nothing more  
to say to each other. . . . Ah ! daggers, ropes, and  
poisons, has it come to this ?

*W. M. Thackeray, "Adventures of Philip."*





CLX. The Pilgrimage      ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

AS you came from the holy land  
Of Walsinghame,  
Met you not with my true love  
By the way as you came ?

How shall I know your true love,  
That have met many one,  
As I went to the holy land,  
That have come, that have gone ?

She is neither white nor brown,  
But as the heavens fair ;  
There is none hath a form so divine  
In the earth or the air.

Such a one did I meet, good sir,  
Such an angelic face,  
Who like a queen, like a nymph, did appear  
By her gait, by her grace.

She hath left me here all alone,  
All alone, as unknown,  
Who sometimes did me leave with herself  
And me loved as her own.

What's the cause that she leaves you alone,  
And a new way doth take,  
Who loved you once as her own,  
And her joy did you make ?

I have loved her all my youth,  
But now old, as you see :  
Love likes not the falling fruit  
From the withered tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,  
And forgets promise past,  
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,  
And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless content,  
And a trustless joy ;  
He is won with a world of despair,  
And is lost with a toy.

But true love is a durable fire,  
In the mind ever burning,  
Never sick, never old, never dead,  
From itself never turning.

*Sir Waller Raleigh.*

CLXI. The Triumph      ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,  
And there arrived, a new admired guest,  
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,  
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,  
To hear the stories of thy finished love  
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can  
move ;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,  
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did  
make,  
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,  
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake :  
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,  
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

*Thomas Campion.*

CLXII. The Mournful Moon      ❁   ❁   ❁

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st  
the skies !

How silently, and with how wan a face !  
What, may it be that even in heavenly place  
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?  
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,  
I read it in thy looks ; thy languisht grace,

To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.  
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,  
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?  
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet  
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?  
Do they call virtue there, ungratefulness?

*Sir Philip Sidney.*

CLXIII. Change upon Change



FIVE months ago, the stream did flow,  
The lilies bloomed along the edge;  
And we were lingering to and fro,  
Where none will track thee in this snow,  
Along the stream, beside the hedge.  
Ah, sweet, be free to love and go!  
For if I do not hear thy foot,  
The frozen river is as mute,—  
The flowers have died down to the root;  
And why, since these be changed since May,  
Shouldst *thou* change less than *they*?

And slow, slow, as the winter snow,  
The tears have drifted to mine eyes:  
And my poor cheeks, five months ago  
Set blushing at thy praises so,  
Put paleness on for a disguise.  
Ah, sweet, be free to praise and go!

For if my face is turned to pale.  
It was thine oath that first did fail,—  
It was thy love proved false and frail!  
And why, since these be changed enow,  
Should *I* change less than *thou*?

*E. B. Browning.*

CLXIV. Kind are her Answers      ♣      ♣

KIND are her answers,  
But her performance keeps no day;  
Breaks time, as dancers  
From their own music when they stray.  
All her free favours and smooth words  
Wing my hopes in vain.  
O did ever voice so sweet but only feign?  
Can true love yield such delay,  
Converting joy to pain?

Lost is our freedom,  
When we submit to women so:  
Why do we need them,  
When in their best they work our woe?  
There is no wisdom  
Can alter ends, by Fate prefixed.  
O why is the good of man with evil mixed?  
Never were days yet called two  
But one night went betwixt.

*Thomas Campion.*

CLXV. Perjury Excused ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in me.  
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:  
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost  
shine,

Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:  
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

*William Shakespeare.*

CLXVI. The Eternal Feminine ❀ ❀

TO fix her—'twere a task as vain  
To count the April drops of rain,  
To sow in Afric's barren soil,  
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,  
False as the fowler's artful snare;  
Inconstant as the passing wind,  
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,  
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove ;  
Though hundreds of gallants await  
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,  
I sometimes strive to break her chain ;  
My reason summon to my aid,  
Resolve no more to be betrayed.

Ah ! friend, 'tis but a short-lived trance,  
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance ;  
She need but look, and I confess  
'Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,  
Sure something more than human's there ;  
I must submit, for strife is vain,  
'Twas destiny that forged the chain.

*Tobias Smollett.*

CLXVII. A Dirge    ♣    ♣    ♣    ♣    ♣

RING out your bells, let mourning shews be  
spread ;

For Love is dead :

All Love is dead, infected

With plague of deep disdain :

Worth, as nought worth, rejected,

And Faith fair scorn doth gain.

From so ungrateful fancy,  
From such a female frenzy,  
From them that use men thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us !

Weep, neighbours, weep ; do you not hear it said  
That Love is dead ?

His death-bed, peacock's folly ;  
His winding-sheet is shame ;  
His will, false-seeming wholly ;  
His sole executor, blame.  
From so ungrateful fancy,  
From such a female frenzy,  
From them that use men thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us !

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,  
For Love is dead ;

Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth  
His mistress' marble heart ;  
Which epitaph containeth,  
"Her eyes were once his dart."  
From so ungrateful fancy,  
From such a female frenzy,  
From them that use men thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us !

Alas ! I lie : rage hath this error bred ;  
Love is not dead ;  
Love is not dead, but sleepeth



In her unmatched mind,  
Where she his counsel keepeth,  
Till due deserts she find.  
Therefore from so vile fancy,  
To call such wit a frenzy,  
Who Love can temper thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us !

*Sir Philip Sidney.*

CLXVIII. Where did you Borrow that  
Last Sigh    ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

WHERE did you borrow that last sigh,  
And that relenting groan ?  
For those that sigh, and not for love,  
Usurp what's not their own.  
Love's arrows sooner armour pierce  
Than your soft snowy skin ;  
Your eyes can only teach us love,  
But cannot take it in.

*Sir William Berkeley.*

CLXIX. Love Disposed of    ❀   ❀   ❀

HERE goes Love ! Now cut him clear,  
A weight about his neck :  
If he linger longer here,  
Our ship will be a wreck.  
Overboard ! Overboard !  
Down let him go !

In the deep he may sleep,  
Where the corals grow.

He said he'd woo the gentle breeze,  
A bright tear in her eye :  
But she was false and hard to please,  
Or he has told a lie.  
Overboard ! Overboard !  
Down in the sea  
He may find a truer mind  
Where the mermaids be.

He sang us many a merry song  
While the breeze was kind :  
But he has been lamenting long  
The falseness of the wind.  
Overboard ! overboard !  
Under the wave  
Let him sing where smooth shells ring  
In the ocean's cave !

He may struggle ; he may weep ;  
We'll be stern and cold ;  
His grief will find, within the deep,  
More tears than can be told.  
He has gone overboard !  
We will float on ;  
We shall find a truer wind  
Now that he is gone.

*T. L. Beddoes.*

CLXX. To Cloe      ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

*Imitated from Martial*

I COULD resign that eye of blue,  
Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me :  
And though your lip be rich with dew,  
To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,  
However warm I've twined about it ;  
And though your bosom beat with bliss,  
I think my soul could live without it.

In short, I've learned so well to fast,  
That, sooth, my love, I know not whether  
I might not bring myself at last,  
To—do without you altogether !

*Thomas Moore.*

CLXXI. I was in Love      ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

ONCE did my thoughts both ebb and flow,  
As passion did them move,  
Once did I hope, straight fear again,—  
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,  
And tell how many minutes move,  
Once did I wishing waste the day,—  
And then I was in love.

Once, by my carving true-love's-knot,  
The weeping trees did prove  
That wounds and tears were both our lot,—  
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath,  
And in my mistress move,  
Once was I not mine own at all,—  
And then I was in love.

Once wore I bracelets made of hair,  
And collars did approve,  
Once wore my clothes made out of wax,—  
And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my saint,  
My soul in numbers move,  
Once did I tell a thousand lies,—  
And then I was in love.

Once in my ear did dangling hang  
A little turtle-dove,  
Once, in a word, I was a fool,—  
And then I was in love.

*Robert Jones.*

CLXXII. What Care I? ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

SHALL I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or my cheeks make pale with care,  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flowery meads in May,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined  
'Cause I see a woman kind;  
Or a well-disposèd nature  
Joinèd with a lovely feature?  
Be she meeker, kinder, than  
Turtle-dove or pelican,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or her merit's value known,  
Make me quite forget mine own?  
Be she with that goodness blest  
Which may gain her name of Best;  
If she seem not such to me,  
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die ?  
Those that bear a noble mind,  
Where they want, of riches find,  
Think what with them they would do  
Who without them dare to woo :  
And unless that mind I see,  
What care I tho' great she be ?

Great or good, or kind or fair,  
will ne'er the more despair ;  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die ere she shall grieve ;  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go ;  
For if she be not for me,  
What care I for whom she be ?

*George Wither.*

CLXXIII. When I Loved You      ✻      ✻

WHEN I loved you, I can't but allow  
I had many an exquisite minute ;  
But the scorn that I feel for you now  
Hath even more luxury in it !

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,  
Some witchery seems to await you ;  
To love you is pleasant enough,  
But oh ! 'tis delicious to hate you !

*Thomas Moore.*

CLXXIV. The Prediction      ♣   ♣   ♣

SILLY boy, 'tis full moon yet, thy night as day  
    shines clearly ;  
Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou couldst not  
    love so dearly.  
Shortly wilt thou mourn, when all thy pleasures  
    are bereavèd ;  
Little knows he how to love that never was  
    deceivèd.

This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs yet  
    unstainèd ;  
All is artless now you speak, not one word, yet,  
    is feignèd ;  
All is heaven that you behold, and all your thoughts  
    are blessed ;  
But no spring can want his fall ; each Troilus  
    hath his Cressid !

Thy well-ordered locks ere long shall rudely hang  
    neglected ;  
And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief on earth  
    dejected.  
Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that made  
    thy heart so holy,  
And with sighs confess, in love, that too much  
    faith is folly.

Yet be just and constant still ! Love may beget  
a wonder ;  
Not unlike a summer's frost, or winter's fatal  
thunder.  
He that holds his sweetheart true, unto his day  
of dying,  
Lives, of all that ever breathed, most worthy the  
envying.

*Thomas Campion.*



## XVI. Poppies

*Dreams*

XVI

SURELY this is it we call happiness, and this do I enjoy; with him I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy, as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us, in our dreams than in our waked senses. Without this I were unhappy; for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams.

*Sir Thomas Browne, "Religio Medici."*



CLXXV. Longing    ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁   ❁

COME to me in my dreams, and then  
By day I shall be well again.  
For then the night will more than pay  
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,  
A messenger from radiant climes,  
And smile on thy new world, and be  
As kind to others as to me.

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,  
Come now, and let me dream it truth.  
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,  
And say—My love ! why sufferest thou ?

Come to me in my dreams, and then  
By day I shall be well again.  
For then the night will more than pay  
The hopeless longing of the day.

*Matthew Arnold.*

I N my dreams a-journeying far,  
With moonless skies above,  
Methought I saw a single star  
Above the House of Love :  
Briars and thorns about the door,  
And rust upon the key,  
And long-dead roses on the floor,  
That rustled under me.

Darkness deep in every room,  
I felt a touch divine—  
I clasped a hand in the haunted gloom,—  
O Heart of hearts ! 'twas thine,  
Close, ah close, our arms enwound,  
And fast our kisses fell,  
For we the House of Love had found,  
Where all his dreamers dwell.

There was no chain the world can weld  
Could bind us twain apart :  
Thy honey lips, so long withheld,  
Poured life into my heart . . .  
Then I woke—forlorn, alone,  
With ruthless morn above ;  
Only in dreams shall ways unknown  
Lead to the House of Love.

*Marston Moore.*

CLXXVII. The Traveller's Dreams ❀

SOME say, when nights are dry and clear,  
And the death-dews sleep on the morass,  
Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,  
Which make night day :  
And a silver shape like his early love doth pass  
Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,  
And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,  
He finds night day.

*P. B. Shelley.*

CLXXVIII. The Turret ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

THERE is a little turret roofed with gold,  
A corner of my castle in the air ;  
And often, when the wintry world's a-cold,  
I climb and taste eternal summer there :  
For roses thro' the lattice laugh and lean,  
And all the ceiling is of tender blue—  
The walls are leaves, the floor is mossy-green—  
And in the happy twilight, there are you !

There is a little turret veiled in mist,  
And tapestried with dreams of days gone by,  
Where in the silence we have clasped and kissed,  
And none might blame, nor hinder, nor deny.

How did you find the hidden postern gate,  
That lets you through upon the secret stair?  
For never yet have I had need to wait—  
Before the door is opened, you are there.

There is a little turret lapt in fire,  
And wrapt about with red of living flame,  
Where, at the pinnacle of heart's desire,  
Breathless we two have named each other's  
name.

And then it crashes, crumbling—then the dust  
And smoke are dim above its ruins bare . .  
I build it up again—I can—I must !—  
Come back unto our castle in the air !

*May Byron.*

CLXXIX. Dream-Love ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

YOUNG Love lies sleeping  
In May-time of the year,  
Among the lilies,  
Lapped in the tender light :  
White lambs come grazing,  
White doves come building there ;  
And round about him  
The May-bushes are white.

Soft moss the pillow  
For oh, a softer cheek ;  
Broad leaves cast shadow  
Upon the heavy eyes :  
There winds and waters  
Grow lulled and scarcely speak ;  
There twilight lingers  
The longest in the skies.

Young Love lies dreaming ;  
But who shall tell the dream ?  
A perfect sunlight  
On rustling forest tips ;  
Or perfect moonlight  
Upon a rippling stream ;  
Or perfect silence,  
Or song of cherished lips.

Burn odours round him  
To fill the drowsy air ;  
Weave silent dances  
Around him to and fro ;  
For oh, in waking  
The sights are not so fair,  
And song and silence  
Are not like these below.

Young Love lies dreaming  
Till summer days are gone,—  
Dreaming and drowsing  
Away to perfect sleep :  
He sees the beauty  
Sun hath not looked upon,  
And tastes the fountain  
Unutterably deep.

Him perfect music  
Doth hush unto his rest,  
And through the pauses  
The perfect silence calms :  
Oh, poor the voices  
Of earth from east to west,  
And poor earth's stillness  
Between her stately palms !

Young Love lies drowsing  
Away to poppied death ;  
Cool shadows deepen  
Across the sleeping face :  
So fails the summer  
With warm delicious breath  
And what hath autumn  
To give us in its place ?



Draw close the curtain  
Of branchèd evergreen ;  
Change cannot touch them  
With fading fingers sere :  
Here the first violets  
Perhaps will bud unseen,  
And a dove, maybe,  
Return to nestle here.

*Christina Rossetti.*

CLXXX. The One Dream    ❀   ❀   ❀

IT often comes into my head,  
That we may dream when we are dead,  
But I am far from sure we do.  
O that it were so ! then my rest  
Would be indeed among the blest ;  
I should for ever dream of you.

*Walter Savage Landor.*

CLXXXI. Reincarnation   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

IN lonely ways of dim forgotten lands,  
Ah, do you not recall how once we went ?  
Did we not gaze, and hold each other's hands,  
In utter ecstasy of sheer content ?  
As for what we said—we said but nothing :  
The naked truth was ours, that needs no clothing.

Strange flowers were near us — nameless to me  
now—

And strange old cities—were they quick or  
dead?—

We met—we two—the when or why or how  
Matters no more. That golden hour is fled,  
But ineffaceable its glory lingers,  
As melodies survive their primal singers.

And you—the moment eyes encountered eyes,  
Yours were alight with memories and with  
dreams.

You are mine, all mine : you know it. O, be wise,  
Ere over all our Past our Present streams,  
And snaps our secret chains of joy and wonder,  
And whelms, and whirls us, impotent, asunder.

Listen . . . In visions I will come to-night,  
And seek with you those old mysterious lands,  
And we shall see in the grey uncertain light,—  
Do you remember?—where the temple stands,  
The desolate temple of some faith unknown,  
The sunset fading on its solemn stone.

And we will never leave those lands again,  
But all that should have been for us, shall be :  
Reality foregone, dreams shall remain,  
And sweet oblivion cover you and me.  
Dare all, renounce all—come ! . . . I do not doubt  
you—

I who have waited centuries without you.

*Maurice Clare.*

CLXXXII. In a Dream ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

IN a dream, in the dusk, in the hush of night,  
When in sombre skies were no stars in sight,  
When the odorous garden shades were fill'd  
With subtle scents from the rose distill'd,  
The rose that lifted its orbs of white  
Round my lattice to left and right,—  
A wonder came from the cloudy height,  
The fairest vision that hope might build  
In a dream.

Too short was its stay, too swift its flight,  
But I cling to it still in the truth's despite,  
With its splendid lie is my soul yet thrill'd,  
For it might have been so, if the fates had  
will'd,—  
You clasp'd me, you kiss'd me, O heart's delight !—  
In a dream.

*M. C. Gillington.*

CLXXXIII. Echo ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

COME to me in the silence of the night ;  
Come in the speaking silence of a dream ;  
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright  
As sunlight on a stream ;  
Come back in tears ;  
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter-sweet,  
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,  
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet ;  
Where thirsting longing eyes  
Watch the slow door  
That, opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live  
My very life again though cold in death :  
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give  
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath :  
Speak low, lean low,  
As long ago, my love, how long ago ?

*Christina Rossetti.*

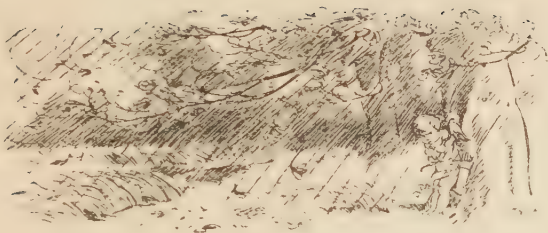
XVII. Rain and Wind

*The Doubts and Despairs of Love*

## XVII

IT puzzled me to find him in so much pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. . . . Her vivacity quite forsook her : and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears.

*Oliver Goldsmith, "The Vicar of Wakefield."*



CLXXXIV. The Lover Complaineth of  
the Unkindness of His Love ♣ ♣

**M**Y lute, awake ! perform the last  
Labour that thou and I shall waste ;  
And end that I have now begun :  
And when this song is sung and past,  
My lute ! be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none ;  
As lead to grave in marble stone,  
My song may pierce her heart as soon ;  
Should we then sing, or sigh, or moan ?  
No, no, my lute ! for I have done.

The rock doth not so cruelly,  
Repulse the waves continually,  
As she my suit and affection :  
So that I am past remedy ;  
Whereby my lute and I have done,

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got  
Of simple hearts through Love's shot,  
By whom, unkind, thou hast them won ;  
Think not he hath his bow forgot,  
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,  
That makest but game of earnest pain ;  
Trow not alone under the sun  
Unquit to cause thy lovers plain,  
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and old  
In winter nights, that are so cold,  
Plaining in vain unto the moon ;  
Thy wishes then dare not to be told :  
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent  
The time that thou hast lost and spent,  
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon :  
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,  
And wish and want, as I have done.

Now cease, my lute ! this is the last  
Labour that thou and I shall waste ;  
And ended is that we begun :  
Now is thy song both sung and past ;  
My lute, be still, for I have done.

*Sir Thomas Wyatt.*



CLXXXV. When the Lamp is Shattered

WHEN the lamp is shattered,  
The light in the dust lies dead—  
When the cloud is scattered,  
The rainbow's glory is shed.  
When the lute is broken,  
Sweet tones are remembered not;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour  
Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute :—  
No song but sad dirges,  
Like the wind through a ruined cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seamen's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,  
Love first leaves the well-built nest;  
The weak one is singled  
To endure what it once possest.  
O Love! who bewailest  
The frailty of all things here,  
Why choose you the frailest  
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee  
As the storms rock the ravens on high ;  
Bright reason will mock thee,  
Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
From thy nest every rafter  
Will rot, and thine eagle home  
Leave thee naked to laughter,  
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

*P. B. Shelley.*

CLXXXVI. Lewti ; or, The Circassian  
Love-Chaunt      ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

AT midnight by the stream I roved,  
To forget the form I loved.  
Image of Lewti ! from my mind  
Depart ; for Lewti is not kind.

The Moon was high, the moonlight gleam  
And the shadow of a star  
Heaved upon Tamaha's stream ;  
But the rock shone brighter far,  
The rock half-sheltered from my view  
By pendant boughs of tressy yew—  
So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,  
Gleaming through her sable hair.  
Image of Lewti ! from my mind  
Depart ; for Lewti is not kind.

I saw a cloud of palest hue,  
Onward to the moon it passed ;  
Still brighter and more bright it grew,  
With floating colours not a few,  
Till it reached the moon at last :  
Then the cloud was wholly bright,  
With a rich and amber light !  
And so with many a hope I seek,  
And with such joy I find my Lewti ;  
And even so my pale wan cheek  
Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty !  
Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind,  
If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,  
Away it goes ; away so soon ?  
Alas ! it has no power to stay :  
Its hues are dim, its hues are grey—  
Away it passes from the moon !  
How mournfully it seems to fly,  
Ever fading more and more,  
To joyless regions of the sky—  
And now 'tis whiter than before !  
As white as my poor cheek will be,  
When, Lewti ! on my couch I lie,  
A dying man for love of thee.  
Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind—  
And yet, thou didst not look unkind.

I saw a vapour in the sky,  
Thin, and white, and very high ;  
I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud :  
Perhaps the breezes that can fly  
Now below and now above,  
Have snatched aloft the lawny shroud  
Of Lady fair—that died for love.  
For maids, as well as youths, have perished  
From fruitless love too fondly cherished.  
Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind—  
For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush ! my heedless feet from under  
Slip the crumbling banks for ever :  
Like echoes to a distant thunder,  
They plunge into the gentle river.  
The river-swans have heard my tread,  
And startle from their reedy bed.  
O beauteous birds ! methinks ye measure  
Your movements to some heavenly tune !  
O beauteous birds ! 'tis such a pleasure  
To see you move beneath the moon,  
I would it were your true delight  
To sleep by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies,  
When silent night has closed her eyes :  
It is a breezy jasmine-bower,  
The nightingale sings o'er her head :  
Voice of the night ! had I the power

That leafy labyrinth to thread,  
And creep like thee with soundless tread  
I then might view her bosom white  
Heaving lovely to my sight,  
As these two swans together heave  
On the gentle swelling wave.

Oh ! that she saw me in a dream,  
And dreamt that I had died for care ;  
All pale and wasted I would seem,  
Yet fair withal, as spirits are !  
I'll die indeed, if I might see  
Her bosom heave, and heave for me !  
Soothe, gentle image ! soothe my mind !  
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

*S. Taylor Coleridge.*

CLXXXVII. Edward Gray    ❀   ❀   ❀

SWEET Emma Moreland of yonder town  
Met me walking in yonder way,  
"And have you lost your heart ?" she said ;  
"And are you married yet, Edward Gray ?"

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me :  
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :  
"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more  
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,  
Against her father's and mother's will:  
To-day I sat for an hour and wept,  
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold;  
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea;  
Filled I was with folly and spite,  
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

"Cruel, cruel the words I said!  
Cruelly came they back to-day:  
'You're too slight and fickle,' I said,  
'To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.'

"There I put my face in the grass—  
Whisper'd, 'Listen to my despair:  
I repent me of all I did:  
Speak a little, Ellen Adair!'

"Then I took a pencil, and wrote  
On the mossy stone, as I lay,  
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair;  
And here the heart of Edward Gray!'

"Love may come, and love may go,  
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree:  
But I will love no more, no more,  
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

"Bitterly wept I over the stone:  
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:

There lies the body of Ellen Adair !  
And there the heart of Edward Gray !"  
*Lord Tennyson.*

CLXXXVIII. Two in the Campagna    ♀

I.

I WONDER do you feel to-day  
As I have felt since, hand in hand,  
We sat down on the grass, to stray  
In spirit better through the land,  
This morn of Rome and May ?

II.

For me, I touched a thought, I know,  
Has tantalised me many times,  
(Like turns of thread the spiders throw  
Mocking across our path) for rhymes  
To catch at and let go.

III.

Help me to hold it ! first it left  
The yellowing fennel, run to seed  
There, branching from the brickwork's cleft,  
Some old tomb's ruin : yonder weed  
Took up the floating weft.

IV.

Where one small orange cup amassed  
Five beetles,—blind and green they grope

Among the honey-meal : and last,  
Everywhere on the grassy slope  
I traced it. Hold it fast !

V.

The champaign with its endless fleece  
Of feathery grasses everywhere !  
Silence and passion, joy and peace,  
An everlasting wash of air—  
Rome's ghost since her decease.

VI.

Such life there, through such lengths of hours,  
Such miracles performed in play,  
Such primal naked forms of flowers,  
Such letting nature have her way  
While heaven looks from its towers !

VII.

How say you ? Let us, O my dove,  
Let us be unashamed of soul,  
As earth lies bare to heaven above !  
How is it under our control  
To love or not to love ?

VIII.

I would that you were all to me,  
You that are just so much, no more.  
Nor yours nor mine, nor slave nor free !



Where does the fault lie? What the core  
O' the wound, since wound must be?

IX.

I would I could adopt your will,  
See with your eyes, and set my heart  
Beating by yours, and drink my fill  
At your soul's springs,—your part my part  
In life, for good and ill.

X.

No. I yearn upward, touch you close,  
Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,  
Catch your soul's warmth,—I pluck the rose  
And love it more than tongue can speak—  
Then the good minute goes.

XI.

Already how am I so far  
Out of that minute? Must I go  
Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,  
Onward, whenever light winds blow,  
Fixed by no friendly star?

XII.

Just when I seemed about to learn!  
Where is the thread now? Off again!  
The old trick! Only I discern—  
Infinite passion, and the pain  
Of finite hearts that yearn.

*Robert Browning.*

CLXXXIX. Sometimes with One I Love

SOMETIMES with one I love I fill myself with  
rage for fear I effuse unreturn'd love,  
But now I think there is no unreturn'd love, the  
pay is certain one way or another ;  
(I loved a certain person ardently and my love  
was not returned.  
Yet out of that I have written these songs.)

*Walt Whitman.*





## XVIII. Ripened Fruits

*The Happy Husband*

## XVIII

WHAT we too often doubt, is the continuance of such a relation throughout the whole of human life. We think it right in the lover and mistress, not in the husband and wife. . . . Do you not feel that marriage—when it is marriage at all—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

*John Ruskin, "Sesame and Lilies."*



CXCI. The Happy Husband ❧ ❧ ❧

OFt, oft, methinks, the while with Thee  
I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear  
And dedicated name, I hear  
A promise and a mystery,  
A pledge of more than passing life,  
Yea, in that very name of Wife !

A pulse of love that ne'er can sleep !  
A feeling that upbraids the heart  
With happiness beyond desert,  
That gladness half requests to weep !  
Nor bless I not the keener sense  
And unalarming turbulence.

Of transient joys, that ask no sting  
From jealous fears, or coy denying ;  
But born beneath Love's brooding wing,  
And into tenderness soon dying,  
Wheel out their giddy moment, then  
Resign the soul to love again ;—

A more precipitated vein  
Of notes that eddy in the flow  
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,  
And leave their sweeter understrain  
Its own sweet self—a love of Thee  
That seems, yet cannot greater be !

*S. T. Coleridge.*



CXCII. The Exchange    ❧   ❧   ❧   ❧

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange one to the other given :  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven :  
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me, keeps him and me in one,  
My heart in him, his thought and senses guides ;  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,  
I cherish his, because in me it bides ;  
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

*Sir Philip Sidney.*

CXCIII. Love and Nature    ❧   ❧   ❧

WHEN long upon the scales of fate  
The issue of my passion hung,  
And on your eyes I laid in wait,  
And on your brow, and on your tongue.

High-frowning Nature pleased me most,  
Strange pleasure was it to discern  
Sharp rocks and mountains peaked with frost,  
Through gorges thick with fir and fern.

The flowerless walk, the vapoury shrouds,  
Could comfort me ; though best of all,  
I loved the daughter of the clouds,—  
The wild, capricious waterfall,—

But now that you and I repose  
On one affection's certain store,  
Serener charms take place of those,—  
Plenty and Peace, and little more.

The hill that tends its mother-breast,  
To patient flocks and gentle kine,—  
The vale that spreads its royal vest  
Of golden corn and purple vine ;

The streams that bubble out their mirth  
In humble nooks, or calmly flow,  
The crystal life-blood of our earth,  
Are now the dearest sights I know.

*Lord Houghton.*

CXCIV. You      ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣

GOD be thanked, the meanest of his creatures  
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world  
with,  
One to show a woman when he loves her

This I say of me, but think of you, Love !  
This to you—yourself, my moon of poets !  
Ah, but that's the world's side, there's the wonder,  
Thus they see you, praise you, think they know  
you !

There, in turn I stand with them and praise you—  
Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.

But the best is when I glide from out them,  
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,  
Come out on the other side, the novel  
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of  
Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

Oh, their Raphael of the dear Madonnas,  
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,  
Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it,  
Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom!

*Robert Browning.*

CXCV. A Song of Content      ❀   ❀   ❀

THE eagle nestles near the sun;  
The dove's low nest for me!—  
The eagle's on the crag; sweet one,  
The dove's in our green tree!  
For hearts that beat like thine and mine  
Heaven blesses humble earth;—  
The angels of our Heaven shall shine  
The angels of our Hearth!

*John James Piatt.*

CXCVI. To His Wife on the Sixteenth  
Anniversary of Her Wedding-day,  
with a Ring      ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

“THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed,”  
So sixteen years ago I said—

Behold another ring ! "for what ?"  
To wed thee o'er again—why not ?

With the first ring I married youth,  
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth ;  
Taste long admired, sense long rever'd,  
And all my Molly then appear'd.

If she by merit since disclosed,  
Prove twice the woman I supposed,  
I plead that double merit now,  
To justify a double vow.

Here then to-day, with faith as sure,  
With ardour as intense and pure,  
As when amidst the rites divine  
I took thy troth, and plighted mine.  
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring,  
A token and a pledge I bring ;  
With this I wed, till death us part,  
Thy riper virtues to my heart ;  
Those virtues which, before untried,  
The wife has added to the bride—  
Those virtues whose progressive claim,  
Endearing wedlock's very name,  
My soul enjoys, my song approves,  
For conscience' sake as well as love's.

For why ? They teach me hour by hour  
Honour's high thought, affection's power,  
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence,  
And teach me all things—but repentance.

*Samuel Bishop.*



TWO birds within one nest ;  
Two hearts within one breast ;  
Two spirits in one fair,  
Firm league of love and prayer,  
Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch  
A hand upon the latch ;  
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win,  
A world of care without,  
A world of strife shut out,  
A world of love shut in.

*Dora Greenwell.*





XIX.

A Bonfire

*Love's Renunciation*

## XIX

"THEREFORE, Sir Launcelot, I require thee, and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was between us, that thou never look upon me more in the visage : and furthermore I command thee, on God's behalf, right straightly that thou forsake my company. . . . For as well as I have loved thee, Sir Launcelot, now my heart will not serve me to see thee."

*Sir Thomas Malory, "Morte d'Arthur."*









CXCVIII. Give All to Love ❀ ❀ ❀

GIVE all to love ;  
Obey thy heart ;  
Friends, kindred, days,  
Estate, good-fame,  
Plans, credit, and the Muse,—  
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master ;  
Let it have scope :  
Follow it utterly,  
Hope beyond hope :  
High and more high  
It dives into noon,  
With wing inspent,  
Untold intent ;  
But it is a god,  
Knows its own path  
And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean ;  
It requireth courage stout,  
Souls above doubt,  
Valour unbending ;  
Such 'twill reward,—  
They shall return  
More than they were,  
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love ;  
Yet, hear me, yet,  
One more word thy heart behoved,  
One pulse more of firm endeavour,—  
Keep thee to-day,  
To-morrow, forever,  
Free as an Arab  
Of thy beloved.  
Cling with life to the maid ;  
But when the surprise,  
First vague shadow of surmise  
Flits across her bosom young,  
Of a joy apart from thee,  
Free be she, fancy-free ;  
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,  
Nor the palest rose she flung  
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,  
As a self of purer clay,  
Though her parting dims the day,





Stealing grace from all alive ;  
Heartily know,  
When half-gods go,  
The gods arrive.

*R. W. Emerson.*

CXCIX. The King's Cupbearer      ♣      ♣

THE Queen is young and the King is old,  
For hairs of grey wed tresses of gold ;  
He, garrulous-foul ; she, maiden-cold,  
Than lilies of Eden fairer.  
Woven glances might intertwine,  
Wordless missives of hers and mine,  
Looks that cross o'er the light o' the wine,—  
But I am the King's cupbearer.

Rose or amber, the brimming cup  
At the boisterous banquet I proffer up :  
The Queen but sips where the King doth sup,  
Her crown overweights its wearer.  
Once for a moment her fingers slim  
Touched with mine on the carven rim,  
Cool as dew in the twilight dim—  
But I am the King's cupbearer.

Thro' the shattered gateway the rabble brawls  
The guards lie slain by the blazing walls,  
There is fire and blood in the trampled halls—  
If he be slain they will spare her,

I might carry her far to a love-bright land . .  
But I drink to the dregs. Here, sword in hand,  
For his last defence, at his door I stand,—  
For I am the King's cupbearer.

*May Byron.*

CC. The Last Ride Together ❀ ❀ ❀

I SAID—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,  
Since now at length my fate I know,  
Since nothing all my love avails,  
Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,

Since this was written and needs must be—  
My whole heart rises up to bless  
Your name in pride and thankfulness !  
Take back the hope you gave,—I claim  
Only a memory of the same,  
And this beside, if you will not blame,  
Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers ;  
Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs  
When pity would be softening through,  
Fixed me a breathing-while or two

With life or death in the balance : right !  
The blood replenished me again ;  
My last thought was at least not vain :  
I and my mistress, side by side  
Shall be together, breathe and ride,



So, one day more am I deified.

Who knows but the world may end to-night ?

Hush ! if you saw some western cloud  
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed  
By many benedictions—sun's  
And moon's and evening-star's at once—

And so, you, looking and loving best,  
Conscious grew, your passion drew  
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,  
Down on you, near and yet more near,  
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here !—  
Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear !

Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul  
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll  
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.  
Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry ?  
Had I said that, had I done this,  
So might I gain, so might I miss.  
Might she have loved me ? just as well  
She might have hated, who can tell !  
Where had I been now if the worst befell

And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds ?  
Why, all men strive and who succeeds ?  
We rode ; it seemed my spirit flew

Saw other regions, cities new,

As the world rushed by on either side.

I thought,—All labour, yet no less

Bear up beneath their unsuccess.

Look at the end of work, contrast

The petty done, the undone vast,

This present of theirs with the hopeful past !

I hoped she would love me ; here we ride.

What hand and brain went ever paired ?

What heart alike conceived and dared ?

What act proved all its thought had been ?

What will but felt the fleshly screen ?

We ride and I see her bosom heave.

There's many a crown for who can reach.

Ten lines, a statesman's life in each !

The flag stuck on a heap of bones,

A soldier's doing ! what atones ?

They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.

My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet ? Well,

Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell

What we felt only ; you expressed

You hold things beautiful the best,

And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.

'Tis something, nay 'tis much : but then,

Have you yourself what's best for men ?

Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—

Nearer one whit your own sublime

Than we who never have turned a rhyme?  
Sing, riding's a joy! For me, I ride.

And you, great sculptor—so, you gave  
A score of years to Art, her slave,  
And that's your Venus, whence we turn  
To yonder girl that fords the burn!

You acquiesce, and shall I repine?  
What, man of music, you grown grey  
With notes and nothing else to say,  
Is this your sole praise from a friend,  
"Greatly his opera's strains intend,  
"But in music we know how fashions end!"  
I gave my youth; but we ride, in fine.

Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate  
Proposed bliss here should sublimate  
My being—had I signed the bond—  
Still one must lead some life beyond,

Have a bliss to die with, dim-described.  
This foot once planted on the goal,  
This glory-garland round my soul,  
Could I descry such? Try and test!  
I sink back shuddering from the quest.  
Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?  
Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.

And yet—she has not spoke so long!  
What if heaven be that, fair and strong  
At life's best, with our eyes upturned

Whither life's flower is first discerned,  
We, fixed so, ever should so abide?  
What if we still ride on, we two  
With life for ever old yet new,  
Changed not in kind but in degree,  
The instant made eternity,—  
And heaven just prove that I and she  
Ride, ride together, for ever ride?

*Robert Browning.*

CCI. The Ever-fixèd Mark    ♣    ♣    ♣

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and  
cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

*William Shakespeare.*

CCII. One Way of Love      ❁   ❁   ❁

ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves.  
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves  
And strew them where Pauline may pass.  
She will not turn aside? Alas!  
Let them lie. Suppose they die?  
The chance was they might take her eye.

How many a month I strove to suit  
These stubborn fingers to the lute!  
To-day I venture all I know.  
She will not hear my music? So!  
Break the string; fold music's wing:  
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

My whole life long I learned to love.  
This hour my utmost art I prove  
And speak my passion—heaven or hell?  
She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well!  
Lose who may—I still can say,  
Those who win heaven, blest are they!

*Robert Browning.*



XX. Faded Leaves and Withered  
Flowers

*Ashes of Love.*

XX

FOR, like as winter rasure doth always rase and deface green summer : so fareth it by unstable love in a man, and in woman, for in many persons there is no stability. . . . Wherefore, I liken love nowadays unto summer and winter : for like as one is hot and the other cold, so fareth love nowadays. . . . This is no stability : but the old love was not so.

*Sir Thomas Malory, "Morte d'Arthur."*





CCIII. Separation ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

STOP!—not to me at this bitter departing,  
Speak of the sure consolations of Time!  
Fresh be the wound, still renewed be its smarting,  
So but thy image endure in its prime. . . .  
Then, when we meet, and thy look strays toward  
me,  
Scanning my face and the changes wrought  
there,  
*Who, let me say, is this Stranger regards me,  
With the grey eyes and the lovely brown hair?*  
Matthew Arnold.

CCIV. When we Two Parted ❀ ❀ ❀

WHEN we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted,  
To sever for years.  
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Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sunk chill on my brow—  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame;  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear;  
A shudder comes o'er me—  
Why wert thou so dear?  
They know not I knew thee,  
Who knew thee too well:—  
Long, long shall I rue thee,  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—  
In silence I grieve,  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee,  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee?—  
With silence and tears.

*Lord Byron.*

NEVER any more  
While I live,  
Need I hope to see his face  
As before.  
Once his love grown chill,  
Mine may strive :  
Bitterly we re-embrace,  
Single still.

II.

Was it something said,  
Something done,  
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,  
Turn of head?  
Strange! that very way  
Love begun :  
I as little understand  
Love's decay.

III.

When I sewed or drew,  
I recall  
How he looked as if I sung,  
—Sweetly too.  
If I spoke a word,  
First of all  
Up his cheek the colour sprung,  
Then he heard.

IV.

Sitting by my side,  
 At my feet,  
 So he breathed the air I breathed  
 Satisfied !  
 I, too, at love's brim  
 Touched the sweet :  
 I would die if death bequeathed  
 Sweet to him.

V.

"Speak, I love thee best !"  
 He exclaimed,  
 "Let my love thy own foretell !"  
 I confessed :  
 "Clasp my heart on thine  
 "Now unblamed,  
 "Since upon thy soul as well  
 "Hangeth mine !"

VI.

Was it wrong to own,  
 Being truth ?  
 Why should all the giving prove  
 His alone ?  
 I had wealth and ease,  
 Beauty, youth :  
 Since my lover gave me love,  
 I gave these.

VII.

That was all I meant,  
 —To be just,  
 And the passion I had raised,  
 To content.  
 Since he chose to change  
 Gold for dust,  
 If I gave him what he praised  
 Was it strange?

VIII.

Would he loved me yet,  
 On and on,  
 While I found some way undreamed  
 —Paid my debt!  
 Gave more life and more,  
 Till, all gone,  
 He should smile "She never seemed  
 " Mine before.

IX.

"What, she felt the while,  
 " Must I think?  
 "Love's so different with us men."  
 He should smile:  
 "Dying for my sake—  
 " White and pink!  
 "Can't we touch these bubbles then  
 " But they break?"

x.

Dear, the pang is brief,  
 Do thy part,  
 Have thy pleasure ! How perplexèd  
 Grows belief !  
 Well, this cold clay clod  
 Was man's heart :  
 Crumble it, and what comes next ?  
 Is it God ?

*Robert Browning.*

CCVI. When Passion's Trance is Overpast

WHEN passion's trance is overpast,  
 If tenderness and truth could last,  
 Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep  
 Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,  
 I should not weep, I should not weep !

It were enough to feel, to see,  
 Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,  
 And dream the rest—and burn and be  
 The secret food of fires unseen,  
 Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year  
 The woodland violets re-appear ;  
 All things revive in field or grove,  
 And sky and sea, but two, which move  
 And form all others,—life, and love.

*P. B. Shelley.*

CCVII. In a Drear-nighted December ❀

IN a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy tree,  
Thy branches ne'er remember  
Their green felicity :  
The north cannot undo them,  
With a sleety whistle through them ;  
Nor frozen thawings glue them  
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy brook,  
Thy bubblings ne'er remember  
Apollo's summer look ;  
But with a sweet forgetting,  
They stay their crystal fretting,  
Never, never petting  
About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many  
A gentle girl and boy !  
But were there ever any  
Writh'd not at passèd joy ?  
To know the change and feel it,  
When there is none to heal it,  
Nor numbèd sense to steal it,  
Was never said in rhyme.

*John Keats.*

CCVIII. The Time will Come      ♣   ♣

THE time will come—some day, some day, not  
now—

When you will kneel and weep without my gate  
In bitter anguish for each broken vow  
That fell as berries from the faded bough,  
But I shall answer you, It is too late.

The time will come—not now, some day, some  
day—

When you will clasp the threshold of my door,  
Entreating only a moment there to stay ;  
And I perchance a word or two may say—  
But not the words I said to you before.

The time will come—some day, be it soon or  
late—

When you shall stand, a shuddering soul un-  
shriven,  
And crave one sign of me, ere God's high gate  
May ope—and I shall scorn you where you wait—  
Endlessly loved—endlessly unforgiven !

*May Byron.*

CCIX. A Parting      ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and  
part,

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me ;  
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,  
And thus so cleanly I myself can free :



Shake hands, for ever cancel all our vows.

And when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not seen in either of our brows  
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,  
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies  
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,  
Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him  
over,—  
From death to life thou might'st him yet re-  
cover !

*Michael Drayton.*

CCX. A Dead March      ❀   ❀   ❀   ❀

BE hushed, all voices and untimely laughter !  
Let no least word be lightly said  
In the awful presence of the Dead,  
That slowly, slowly, this way comes,—  
Arms piled on coffin, comrades marching after,  
Colours reversed, and muffled drums.

Be bared, all heads ! feet, the procession follow,  
Throughout the stilled and sorrowing town ;  
Weep, woeful eyes, and be cast down ;  
Tread softly, till the bearers stop  
Under the cypress in the shadowy hollow,  
While last light fades o'er mountain-top.

Lay down your burden here, whose life hath  
journeyed  
Afar, and where ye may not wot ;  
Some little while around this spot  
Be dirges sung and prayers low-said,  
Dead leaves disturbed, and clammy earth upturned,  
Then in his grave dead Love is laid.

Fling them upon him—withered aspirations,  
And battered hopes and broken vows ;  
He was the last of all his house,  
Has left behind no kith nor kin—  
His bloodstained arms and faded decorations,  
His dinted helmet—throw them in !

And all the time the twilight skies are turning  
To sullen ash and leaden grey—  
Cast the sods o'er him, come away,  
In vain upon his name you call,  
Though you all night should cry with bitter  
yearning,  
He would not heed nor hear at all.

Pass homewards now, in musing melancholy,  
To find the house enfilled with gloom,  
And no lights lit in any room,  
And stinging herald-drops of rain.  
Choke up your empty heart with anguish wholly,  
For Love will never rise again.

*M. C. Gillington.*

XXI. A Bench in a Sunny Corner

*Wedded Lovers Growing old Together*

## XXI

FOR it is to be considered that this passion of which we speak, though it begin with the young, yet forsakes not the old, or rather suffers no one who is truly its servant to grow old, but makes the aged participators of it, not less than the tender maiden, though in a different and nobler sort.

*R. W. Emerson, "Love."*



CCXI. Love's House - ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

O H, in Love's emerald house  
Of emerald chestnut boughs,  
The brown wife broods upon blue eggs and dear,  
Nor finds the gold days long,  
Hearing her true Love's song  
Of love and wedding in the sweet o' the year.

And in Love's golden house  
Of golden chestnut boughs,  
The brown bird to his sweet sings wild and clear ;  
Though little ones are gone,  
The true Love lingers on,  
For two old lovers in the fall o' the year.

*Katharine Tynan*

CCXII. Wrinkles ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

W HEN Helen first saw wrinkles in her face  
('Twas when some fifty long had settled  
there  
And intermarried and brancht off aside),  
She threw herself upon her couch, and wept ;

On this side hung her head, and over that  
Listlessly she let fall the faithless brass  
That made the men as faithless.

But when you  
Found them, or fancied them, and would not hear  
That they were only vestiges of smiles,  
Or the impression of some amorous hair  
Astray from cloistered curls and roseate band,  
Which had been lying there all night perhaps  
Upon a skin so soft. . . . *No, no*, you said,  
*Sure, they are coming, yes, are come, are here. . .*  
*Well, and what matters it . . . while you are too !*

*Walter Savage Landor.*

CCXIII. The Refuge ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

WHEN that whereby you wrought your charms  
Hath faded, as it must :  
When Beauty's arsenal of arms  
Lies ruined in the dust,—  
When wrinkles show where smiles have been,  
And grey hairs follow gold,—  
Then, then, while all your suitors flee,  
Come, Phyllida, O come to me,  
And dwell my soul's most sovereign queen,  
Even as you were of old !

For sparkling eyes and glowing lips  
Are but your outward show :  
When these shall suffer Time's eclipse,  
Yourself remains below :

Yourself, more sweet than thousand springs,  
No winter can destroy:  
Then, then, when lighter lovers flee,  
Come, Phyllida, O come to me,  
And crown me king of all the kings  
That ever looked on joy!

*Maurice Clare.*

CCXIV. Autumnal Beauty    ❀   ❀   ❀

NO spring, nor summer's beauty, hath such  
grace

As I have seen in one autumnal face.  
If 'twere a shame to love, here 'twere no shame,  
Affections here take Reverence's name,  
Were her first years the golden age; that's true  
But now she's gold oft tried, yet ever new.  
That was her torrid and inflaming time;  
This is her habitable tropic clime.  
Fair eyes! who asks more heat than comes from  
hence,

He in a fever wishes pestilence.  
Call not these wrinkles graves; if graves they  
were,

They were Love's graves, or else he is nowhere.  
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit,

Vow'd to this trench, like an anachorite,  
Here dwells he; though he sojourn everywhere

In progress, yet his standing house is here;  
Here where still evening is, not noon, nor night,

Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.  
If we love things long nought, age is a thing  
Which we are fifty years in compassing ;  
If transitory things which soon decay,  
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.

*John Donne.*

CCXV. John Anderson, My Jo      ♣      ♣

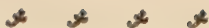
JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquent,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent ;  
But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw ;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither ;  
And monie a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither :  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go ;  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson', my jo.

*Robert Burns.*



CCXVI. To Biancha



WHEN age or chance has made me blind,  
 So that the path I cannot find ;  
 And when my falls and stumblings are  
 More than the stones i' th' street by far ;  
 Go thou afore, and I shall well  
 Follow thy perfumes by the smell ;  
 Or be my guide, and I shall be  
 Led by some light that flows from thee.

*Robert Herrick.*

CCXVII. Unchanging Love



BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young  
 charms,  
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my  
 arms,  
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,  
 Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment  
 thou art,  
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,  
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

O, it is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,  
 To which time will but make thee more dear ;

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

*Thomas Moore.*

CCXVIII. Immortal Youth    ♣   ♣   ♣

TO me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
Have from the forest shook three summers' pride,  
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
In process of the seasons have I seen,  
There April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
Since when I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his figure and no pace perceived;  
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived:  
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;  
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

*William Shakespeare.*

CCXIX. Toujours Amour    ♣   ♣   ♣

PRITHEE tell me, Dimple-Chin,  
At what age does Love begin?  
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen  
Summers three, my fairy queen,

But a miracle of sweets,  
Soft approaches, sly retreats,  
Show the little archer there,  
Hidden in your pretty hair ;  
When didst learn a heart to win ?  
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin !

“Oh !” the rosy lips reply,  
“I can’t tell you, if I try.  
’Tis so long I can’t remember :  
Ask some younger lass than I !”

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face,  
Do your heart and head keep pace ?  
When does hoary Love expire,  
When do frosts put out the fire ?  
Can its embers burn below  
All that chill December snow ?  
Care you still soft hands to press,  
Bonny heads to smooth and bless ?  
When does Love give up the chase ?  
Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face !  
“Ah !” the wise old lips reply,  
“Youth may pass, and strength may die,  
But of Love I can’t foretoken :  
Ask some older sage than I !”

*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

CCXX. The Measurement



HOW do I love thee? Let me count the ways  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and  
height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

*E. B. Browning.*

CCXXI. Remain, ah! not in Youth Alone

REMAIN, ah! not in youth alone,  
Tho' youth, where you are, long will stay;  
But when my summer days are gone,  
And my autumnal haste away.  
"Can I be always by your side?"  
No; but the hours you can, you must,  
Nor rise at Death's approaching stride,  
Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

*W. S. Landor.*

## XXII. Twilight and Autumn Violets

*Farewells*

XXII

HE did not dare to stay. But, throwing himself into the carriage, he cast one look towards the window of the Dark Ladie, and a moment afterwards had left her for ever. He had drunk the last drop of the bitter cup, and now lay the golden goblet gently down, knowing that he should behold it no more. No more! O, how majestically mournful are those words! They sound like the roar of the wind through a forest of pines!

*H. W. Longfellow, "Hyperion."*









CCXXII. Then, Fare Thee Well    ❁    ❁

THEN, fare thee well, my own dear love,  
This world has now for us  
No greater grief, no pain above  
The pain of parting thus,  
Dear love !  
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,  
Some few short hours of bliss,  
We might, in numb'ring them, forget  
The deep, deep pain of this,  
Dear love !  
The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas ! we've never seen  
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,  
But still there came some cloud between,  
And chased it all away,  
Dear love !  
And chased it all away.

Yet, ev'n could those sad moments last,  
Far dearer to my heart,  
Were hours of grief, together past,  
Than years of mirth apart,  
Dear love !  
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell ! our hope was born in fears,  
And nursed 'mid vain regrets ;  
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,  
Like them in tears it sets,  
Dear love !  
Like them in tears it sets.

*Thomas Moore.*

CCXXIII. Exit



THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds  
sang,  
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love  
more strong

To love that well which thou must leave ere  
long.

*William Shakespeare.*

CCXXIV. The Lost Mistress ❁ ❁ ❁

ALL'S over, then : does truth sound bitter  
As one at first believes ?

Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night twitter  
About your cottage eaves !

And the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly,  
I noticed that, to-day ;  
One day more bursts them open fully,  
—You know the red turns grey.

To-morrow we meet the same then, dearest ?  
May I take your hand in mine ?  
Mere friends are we,—well, friends the merest  
Keep much that I resign :

For each glance of that eye so bright and black,  
Though I keep with heart's endeavour,—  
Your voice, when you wish the snowdrops back,  
Though it stays in my soul for ever !—

Yet I will but say what mere friends say,  
Or only a thought stronger ;

I will hold your hand but as long as all may,  
Or so very little longer !

*Robert Browning.*

CCXXV. Highland Mary



YE banks and braes and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery !  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie :  
There Simmer first unfold her robes,  
And there the langest tarry ;  
For there I took the last Fareweel  
Of my sweet Highland Mary !

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath their fragrant shade  
I clasp'd her to my bosom !  
The golden Hours on angel wings  
Flew o'er me and my Dearie ;  
For dear to me as light and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace  
Our parting was fu' tender ;  
And pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore oursels asunder.  
But, O, fell Death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early !

Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay  
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O, pale, pale now, those rosy lips  
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !  
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance  
That dwalt on me sae kindly !  
And mouldering now in silent dust  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

*Robert Burns.*

CCXXVI. Love's Secret



NEVER seek to tell thy love,  
Love that never told can be ;  
For the gentle wind doth move  
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,  
I told her all my heart ;  
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,  
Ah ! she did depart !

Soon after she was gone from me,  
A traveller came by,  
Silently, invisibly :  
He took her with a sigh.

*William Blake.*

CCXXVII. Four Years    ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣

AT the midsummer, when the hay was down,  
Said I, mournfully—My year is at its prime,  
Yet bare lie my meadows, shorn before their  
time,  
In my scorch'd woodlands the leaves are turning  
brown.  
It is the hot midsummer, and the hay is down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,  
Stood she by the streamlet, young and very  
fair,  
With the first white bindweed twisted in her  
hair—  
Hair that drooped like birch-boughs,—all in her  
simple gown.  
For it was midsummer,—and the hay was down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,  
Crept she, a willing bride, close into my breast :  
Low-piled the thunder-clouds had drifted to the  
west—  
Red-eyed, out glared the sun, like knight from  
leaguer'd town,  
That eve in high midsummer, when the hay was  
down.

It is midsummer—all the hay is down ;  
Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,

Praying, "God shield thee till we meet in  
Paradise!"  
Bless her in Love's name who was my brief life's  
crown,—  
And I go at midsummer, when the hay is down.  
*Dinah M. Mulock.*

### CCXXVIII. The Sailing of the Sword ♣

A CROSS the empty garden-beds,  
*When the Sword went out to sea,*  
I scarcely saw my sisters' heads  
Bowed each beside a tree.  
I could not see the castle leads,  
*When the Sword went out to sea,*

Alicia wore a scarlet gown,  
*When the Sword went out to sea,*  
But Ursula's was russet brown :  
For the mist we could not see  
The scarlet roofs of the good town,  
*When the Sword went out to sea.*

Green holly in Alicia's hand,  
*When the Sword went out to sea ;*  
With sere oak-leaves did Ursula stand ;  
O ! yet alas for me !  
I did but bear a peel'd white wand,  
*When the Sword went out to sea.*

O, russet brown and scarlet bright,  
    *When the Sword went out to sea,*  
My sisters wore; I wore but white :  
    Red, brown, and white, are three ;  
Three damozels; each had a knight,  
    *When the Sword went out to sea.*

Sir Robert shouted loud, and said,  
    *When the Sword went out to sea,*  
"Alicia, while I see thy head,  
    What shall I bring for thee?"  
"O, my sweet lord, a ruby red :"  
    *The Sword went out to sea.*

Sir Miles said, while the sails hung down,  
    *When the Sword went out to sea,*  
"Oh, Ursula! while I see the town,  
    What shall I bring for thee?"  
"Dear knight, bring back a falcon brown :"  
    *The Sword went out to sea.*

But my Roland, no word he said  
    *When the Sword went out to sea,*  
But only turn'd away his head,—  
    A quick shriek came from me :  
"Come back, dear lord, to your white maid!"—  
    *The Sword went out to sea.*

The hot sun bit the garden-beds,  
    *When the Sword came back from sea ;*  
Beneath an apple-tree our heads  
    Stretched out toward the sea ;



Grey gleam'd the thirsty castle leads,  
*When the Sword came back from sea.*

Lord Robert brought a ruby red,  
*When the Sword came back from sea ;*  
He kissed Alicia on the head :  
"I am come back to thee ;  
'Tis time, sweet love, that we were wed,  
*Now the Sword is back from sea !*"

Sir Miles, he bore a falcon brown,  
*When the Sword came back from sea ;*  
His arms went round tall Ursula's gown  
"What joy, O love, but thee ?  
Let us be wed in the good town,  
*Now the Sword is back from sea !*"

My heart grew sick, no more afraid,  
*When the Sword came back from sea ;*  
Upon the deck a tall white maid  
Sat on Lord Roland's knee ;  
His chin was press'd upon her head,  
*When the Sword came back from sea !*  
*William Morris.*

## CCXXIX. A Valediction



GOD be with thee, my beloved,—God be with  
thee !

Else alone thou goest forth.

Thy face unto the north,—  
Moor and pleasance, all around thee and beneath  
thee,

Looking equal in the snow !  
While I who try to reach thee,  
Vainly follow, vainly follow,  
With the farewell and the hollo,  
And cannot reach thee so.

Alas ! I can but teach thee—

God be with thee, my beloved,—God be with thee!

\* \* \* \* \*

Can I love thee, my beloved ?—can I love thee ?

And is *this* like love, to stand

With no help in my hand,

When strong as death I fain would watch above  
thee ?

My love-kiss can deny

No tear that falls beneath it :

Mine oath of love can swear thee

From no ill that comes near thee,—

And thou diest while thou breathe it,

And *I*—I can but die !

May God love thee, my beloved,—may God love  
thee !

*E. B. Browning.*

CCXXX. We Two Together ♣ ♣ ♣

**S**HINE ! shine ! shine !

Pour down your warmth, great sun !

While we bask, we two together.

Two together !  
Winds blow south or winds blow north,  
Day come white, or day come black,  
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,  
Singing all time, minding no time,  
While we two keep together. . . .

. . . Soothe ! soothe ! soothe !  
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,  
And again another behind embracing and lapping,  
every one close,  
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it is late,  
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love,  
with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,  
With love, with love.

O night ! do I not see my love fluttering out  
among the breakers ?  
What is that little black thing I see there in the  
white ?

Loud ! loud ! loud !  
Loud I call to you, my love !

High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,  
Surely you must know who is here, is here,  
You must know I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon !  
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow !  
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate !  
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.

Land ! land ! land !  
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give  
me my mate back again if you only would,  
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever  
way I look.

O rising stars !  
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will  
rise with some of you.

O throat ! O trembling throat !  
Sound clearer through the atmosphere !  
Pierce the woods, the earth,  
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the  
one I want.

Shake out carols !  
Solitary here, the night's carols !  
Carols of lonesome love ! death's carols !  
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon !  
O under that moon where she droops almost down  
into the sea !  
O reckless despairing carols.

But soft ! sink low !  
Soft ! let me just murmur,  
And do you wait a moment you husky-nois'd sea,  
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate re-  
sponding to me,  
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,  
But not altogether still, for then she might not  
come immediately to me.

Hither my love !  
Here I am ! here !  
With this just-sustained note I announce myself  
to you,  
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

Do not be decoy'd elsewhere,  
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my  
voice,  
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,  
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness ! O in vain !  
O I am very sick and sorrowful.

O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping  
upon the sea !  
O troubled reflection in the sea !  
O throat ! O throbbing heart !  
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.

O past ! O happy life ! O songs of joy !  
In the air, in the woods, over fields,  
Loved ! loved ! loved ! loved ! loved !  
But my mate no more, no more with me !  
We two together no more.

*Walt Whitman.*

CCXXXI. Farewell to Nancy    ❀    ❀    ❀

A E fond kiss, and then we sever ;  
Ae fareweel, and then forever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee,  
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,  
While the star of hope she leaves him ?  
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me ;  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
Naething could resist my Nancy.  
But to see her, was to love her ;  
Love but her, and love for ever.  
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted !

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !  
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,

Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure !  
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever :  
Ae fareweel, alas ! for ever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
*Robert Burns.*

CCXXXII. Farewell ! If Ever Fondest  
Prayer ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

FAREWELL ! if ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal availed on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air,  
But waft thy name beyond the sky.  
'Twere vain to speak—to weep—to sigh :  
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,  
When wrung from Guilt's expiring eye,  
Are in that word—Farewell !—Farewell !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;  
But in my breast and in my brain,  
Awake the pangs that pass not by,  
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.  
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,  
Though Grief and Passion there rebel :  
I only know we loved in vain—  
I only feel—Farewell !—Farewell !

*Lord Byron.*





O, russet brown and scarlet bright,  
When the Sword went out to sea,  
My sisters wore; I wore but white:  
Red, brown, and white, all three;  
Three damozels; each had a knight,  
When the Sword went out to sea.

*Page 319*



## XXIII. Evergreens

*Love Strong as Death*

## XXIII

ON that day which fulfilled the year since my lady had been made of the citizens of eternal life, remembering me of her as I sat alone, I betook myself to draw the resemblance of an angel upon certain tablets. And while I did thus, chancing to turn my head, I perceived that some were standing beside me to whom I should have given courteous welcome. . . . Perceiving whom, I arose for salutation, and said, "Another was with me."

*Dante Alighieri, trans. D. G. Rossetti,  
"The New Life."*



CCXXXIII. The Blessed Damozel



THE blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven ;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even ;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn ;  
Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day  
One of God's choristers ;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers ;  
Albeit to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.  
    . . . Yet now, and in this place,  
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair  
    Fell all about my face. . . .  
Nothing : the autumn-fall of leaves.  
    The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house  
    That she was standing on ;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
    The which is Space begun ;  
So high, that looking downward thence  
    She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood  
    Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath, the tides of day and night  
    With flame and darkness ridge  
The void, as low as where this earth  
    Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met  
    'Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
    Their heart-remembered names ;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
    Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped  
Out of the circling charm;  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she leaned on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove  
Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon  
Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now  
She spoke through the still weather.  
Her voice was like the voice the stars  
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,  
Strove not her accents there,  
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells  
Possessed the mid-day air,  
Strove not her steps to reach my side  
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come," she said.

"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,  
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,  
And he is clothed in white,  
I'll take his hand and go with him  
To the deep wells of light;  
As unto a stream we will step down,  
And bathe there in God's sight."

"We two will stand beside that shrine,  
Occult, withheld, untrod,  
Whose lamps are stirred continually  
With prayer sent up to God;  
And see our old prayers granted, melt  
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of  
That living mystic tree  
Within whose secret growth the Dove  
Is sometimes felt to be,  
While every leaf that His plumes touch  
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,  
I myself, lying so,  
The songs I sing here; which his voice  
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,



And find some knowledge at each pause,  
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas ! we two, we two, thou say'st !  
Yea, one wast thou with me  
That once of old. But shall God lift  
To endless unity  
The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
Was but its love for thee ?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves  
Where the lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose names  
Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded ;  
Into the fine cloth white like flame  
Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-robcs for them  
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb  
Then will lay my cheek  
To his, and tell about our love,  
Not once abashed and weak :  
And the dear Mother will approve  
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads  
Bowed with their aureoles :  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me :—  
Only to live as once on earth  
With Love,—only to be,  
As then awhile, for ever now  
Together, I and He.'

She gazed, and listened, and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild,—  
"All this is when he comes." She ceased,  
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres :  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

*D. G. Rossetti.*

CCXXXIV. At the Mid Hour of Night

AT the mid hour of night, when stars are  
weeping, I fly  
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm  
in thine eye ;  
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the  
regions of air,  
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come  
to me there,  
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the  
sky !  
Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such  
pleasure to hear,  
When our voices, commingling, breathed, like one  
on the ear ;  
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad  
orison rolls,  
I think, O my love ! 'tis thy voice, from  
the Kingdom of Souls,  
Faintly answering still the notes that once were  
so dear.

*Thomas Moore.*

CCXXXV. Evelyn Hope      ❀   ❀   ❀

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !  
Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
That is her bookshelf, this her bed ;  
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,

Beginning to die too, in the glass ;  
Little has yet been changed, I think :  
The shutters are shut, no light may pass  
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !  
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name ;  
It was not her time to love ; beside,  
Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares,  
And now was quiet, now astir,  
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—  
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope ?  
What, your soul was pure and true,  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—  
And, just because I was thrice as old,  
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,  
Each was nought to each, must I be told ?  
We were fellow mortals, nought beside ?

No, indeed ! for God above  
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the love :  
I claim you still for my own love's sake !  
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few :

Much is to learn, much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)  
In the lower earth, in the years long still,  
That body and soul so pure and gay?  
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—  
And what would you do with me, in fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,  
Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;  
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,  
Either I missed or itself missed me:  
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!  
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while.  
My heart seemed full as it could hold!  
There was place and to spare for the frank young  
smile,  
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young  
gold.  
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep:  
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!

There, that is our secret : go to sleep !

You will wake, and remember, and understand.

*Robert Browning.*

CCXXXVI. A Spirit Present ❖ ❖ ❖

I F, coming from that unknown sphere  
Where I believe thou art—

The world unseen which girds our world  
So close, yet so apart,—  
Thy soul's soft call unto my soul  
Electrical could reach,  
And mortal and immortal blend  
In one familiar speech,—

What wouldst thou say to me? wouldst ask

What since did me befall?

Or close this chasm of cruel years

Between us—knowing all?

Wouldst love me—thy pure eyes seeing that

God only saw beside?

Oh, love me! 'Twas so hard to live,

So easy to have died.

If while this dizzy whirl of life

A moment pausing stay'd,

I face to face with thee could stand,

I would not be afraid :

Not though from heaven to heaven thy feet

In glad ascent have trod,

While mine took through earth's miry ways  
Their solitary road.

We could not lose each other. World  
On world piled ever higher  
Would part like bank'd clouds, lightning-cleft,  
By our two souls' desire.  
Life ne'er divided us ; death tried,  
But could not ; love's voice fine  
Call'd luring through the dark—then ceased,  
And I am wholly thine.

*Dinah M. Mulock.*

CCXXXVII. Remembrance    ❀    ❀    ❀

COLD in the earth—and the deep snow piled  
above thee,  
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave !  
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,  
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave ?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover  
Over the mountain, on that northern shore,  
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves  
cover  
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more ?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,  
From those brown hills, have melted into spring :  
Faithful indeed the spirit that remembers  
After such years of change and suffering !

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,  
While the world's tide is bearing me along :  
Other desires and other hopes beset me,  
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong !

No later light has lightened up my heaven,  
No second morn has ever shone for me ;  
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,  
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had  
perished,  
And even Despair was powerless to destroy ;  
Then did I learn how existence could be  
cherished,  
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—  
Weaned my young soul from yearning after  
thine ;  
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten  
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,  
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain ;  
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,  
How could I seek the empty world again ?

*Emily Brontë.*



CCXXXVIII. The Cross Roads    ❁    ❁

THERE sits a woman in a lonely place,  
Where All-Souls' twilight ever bends and  
broods :

With hungry hope and fear upon her face,  
She gazes down those dreamy solitudes,  
There at the cross-roads, peering to and fro,  
Straining her glance athwart the shadows grey.  
Lest any little traveller she might know  
Haply come by that way.

For long, so long, she has waited : now and then  
A tiny figure looms along the road,  
Shy, scarce-awakened from the world of men,  
Seeking uncertainly its new abode,  
And eagerly she stoops, she scans its eyes,  
Asking some look, some tender answering sign,  
And still she lets it go again, and sighs,  
"Not mine—O God—not mine !"

But some day, surely, in a golden hour,  
The sweet familiar shape shall be descried,  
Delaying here and there for berry or flower,  
But drawing ever nearer to her side.  
No need of greeting between child and mother,  
When heart on heart is folded close and fast  
In that one clasp, each blended in the other,  
That pays for all the past !

*May Byron.*



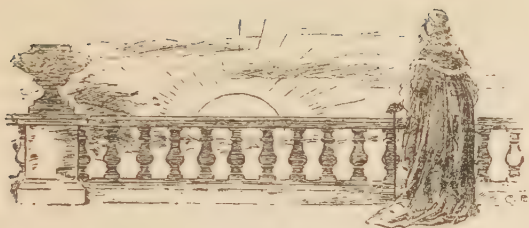
## XXIV. Lavender

*Sweet Memories*

## XXIV

NO man ever forgot the visitation of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new . . . when a single tone of one voice could make the heart bound, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory. . . . For the figures, the motions, the words of the beloved object are not like other images, written in water, but, as Plutarch said, "enamelled in fire."

*R. W. Emerson, "Love."*



CCXXXIX. The Memory of Love ❀

REMEMBER then, O Pilgrim! and beware,—  
Thou, with that Memory for a master-key,  
Wilt open Heaven, and be no alien there,—  
For, as thou honourest Love, so will Love  
honour thee.

*Lord Houghton.*

CCXL. You Remain ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

AS a perfume doth remain  
In the fold where it hath lain,  
So the thought of you remaining  
Deeply folded in my brain,  
Will not leave me : all things leave me :  
You remain.

Other thoughts may come and go,  
Other moments I may know,  
That shall waft me, in their going,  
As a breath blown to and fro,  
Fragrant memories : fragrant memories  
Come and go.

Only thoughts of you remain  
In my heart where they have lain,  
Perfumed thoughts of you remaining  
A hid sweetness in my brain.  
Others leave me; all things leave me :  
You remain,

*Author Unknown.*

## CCXLI. Sighs and Memories



THAT lady of all gentle memories  
Had lighted on my soul ;—whose new abode  
Lies now, as it was well ordained of God,  
Among the poor in heart, where Mary is.  
Love, knowing that dear image to be his,  
Woke up within the sick heart sorrow-bow'd,  
Unto the sighs which are its weary load,  
Saying, "Go forth." And they went forth, I wis ;  
Forth went they from my breast that throbbed  
and ached ;  
With such a pang as oftentime will bathe  
Mine eyes with tears when I am left alone.  
And still those sighs which drew the heaviest  
breath  
Came whispering thus : "O noble intellect !  
It is a year to-day that thou art gone."

*Dante Alighieri (trans. D. G. Rossetti).*

CCXLII. Parted and Met      ❁ ❁ ❁

HE, who for Love has undergone  
The worst that can befall,  
Is happier thousand-fold than one  
Who never loved at all ;  
A grace within his soul has reigned,  
Which nothing else can bring—  
Thank God for all that I have gained,  
By that high suffering !

*Lord Houghton.*

CCXLIII. Love's Young Dream      ❁ ❁

OH ! the days are gone, when Beauty bright  
My heart's chain wove ;  
When my dream of life from morn till night  
Was love, still love.  
New hope may bloom,  
And days may come,  
Of milder, calmer beam,  
But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream :  
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,  
When wild youth's past ;  
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,

To smile at last ;  
He'll never meet  
A joy so sweet,  
In all his noon of fame,  
As when first he sung to woman's ear  
His soul-felt flame,  
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear  
The one loved name.

No—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot  
Which first love traced ;  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
On memory's waste.  
'Twas odour fled  
As soon as shed ;  
'Twas morning's wingèd dream ;  
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream :  
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream.

*Thomas Moore.*

CCXLIV. My Kate ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

SHE was not as pretty as women I know,  
And yet all your best, made of sunshine  
and snow,  
Drop to shade, melt to nought in the long-trodden  
ways,  
While she's still remembered on warm and cold  
days,

—My Kate.



Her air had a meaning, her movements, a grace,  
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face ;  
And when you had once seen her forehead and  
mouth,

You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth.

—My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,  
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke ;  
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,  
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her  
alone,

—My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act  
As a thought or suggestion ; she did not attract  
In the sense of the brilliant or wise ; I infer  
‘Twas her thinking of others made you think of  
her,

—My Kate.

She never found fault with you, never implied  
You wrong by her right ; and yet men at her side  
Grew nobler, girls purer, as thro' the whole town  
The children were gladder that pulled at her  
gown,

—My Kate.

None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall ;  
They knelt more to God than they used—that was  
all ;

If you praised her as charming, some asked what  
you meant,  
But the charm of her presence was felt where  
she went.

—My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,  
She took as she found them, and did them all  
good ;  
It always was so with her ; see what you have !  
She has made the grass greener even here . . .  
with her grave,

—My Kate.

My dear one ! when thou wast alive with the rest,  
I held thee the sweetest and loved thee the best ;  
And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part,  
As thy smiles used to do for thyself, my sweet-  
heart,

—My Kate !

*E. B. Browning.*

CCXLV. One Day    ❀    ❀    ❀    ❀    ❀

I WILL tell you when they met :  
In the limpid days of Spring ;  
Elder boughs were budding yet,  
Oaken boughs looked wintry still,  
But primrose and veined violet  
In the mossful turf were set,

While meeting birds made haste to sing  
And build with right good will.

I will tell you when they parted :  
When plenteous Autumn sheaves were brown  
Then they parted heavy-hearted ;  
The full rejoicing sun looked down  
As grand as in the days before ;  
Only they had lost a crown ;  
Only to them those days of yore  
Could come back nevermore.

When shall they meet ? I cannot tell,  
Indeed, when they shall meet again,  
Except some day in Paradise :  
For this they wait, one waits in pain.  
Beyond the sea of death Love lies  
For ever, yesterday, to-day ;  
Angels shall ask them, "Is it well?"  
And they shall answer "Yea."

*Christina Rossetti.*

CCXLVI. Rose Aylmer ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

AH ! what avails the sceptred race !  
Ah ! what the form divine !  
What every virtue, every grace !  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,

A night of memories and of sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

*Walter Savage Landor.*

CCXLVII. She Came and Went ❀ ❀

AS a twig trembles, which a bird  
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,  
So is my memory thrilled and stirr'd ;—  
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,  
The blue dome's measureless content,  
So my soul held that moment's heaven ;—  
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps  
The orchards full of bloom and scent,  
So clove her May my wintry sleeps ;—  
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,  
Through the low doorway of my tent ;  
The tent is struck, the vision stays ;—  
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,  
And life's last oil is nearly spent,  
One gush of light these eyes will brim,  
Only to think she came and went.

*J. R. Lowell.*

CCXLVIII. My Letters ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

MY letters ! all dead paper, mute and white,  
And yet they seem alive and quivering  
Against my tremulous hands which loose the  
string

And let them drop down on my knee to-night.  
This said,—he wished to have me in his sight  
Once, as a friend : this fixed a day in spring  
To come and touch my hand—a simple thing,  
Yet I wept for it ! this the paper's light—  
Said, Dear, *I love thee* ; and I sank and quailed  
As if God's future thundered on my past.  
This said, *I am thine*—and so its ink has paled  
With lying at my heart that beat too fast :  
And this—O Love, thy words have ill availed,  
If, what this said, I dared repeat at last !

*E. B. Browning.*

CCXLIX. Golden Guendolen ❁ ❁ ❁

'T WIXT the sunlight and the shade  
Float up memories of my maid ;  
God, remember Guendolen !

Gold or gems she did not wear,  
But her yellow rippled hair,  
Like a veil, hid Guendolen !

'Twixt the sunlight and the shade,  
My rough hands so strangely made,  
Folded Golden Guendolen;

Hands used to grip the sword-hilt hard,  
Framed her face, while on the sward,  
Tears fell down from Guendolen.

Guendolen now speaks no word,  
Hands fold round about the sword,  
Now no more of Guendolen.

Only 'twixt the light and shade  
Floating memories of my maid  
Make me pray for Guendolen.

*William Morris.*

CCL. Durisdeer



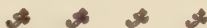
WE'LL meet nae mair at sunset when the  
weary day is dune,  
Nor wander hame thegither by the lee licht o'  
the mune!  
I'll hear your step nae longer amang the dewy  
corn,  
For we'll meet nae mair, my bonniest, either at  
eve or morn.

The yellow broom is waving, abune the sunny  
brae,  
And the rowan berries dancing, where the  
sparkling waters play.  
Tho' a' is bright and bonnie, it's an eerie place to  
me,  
For we'll meet nae mair, my dearest, either by  
burn or tree.

Far up into the wild hills, there's a kirkyard cold  
and still,  
Where the frosts lie ilka morning, and the  
mists hang low and chill,  
And there ye sleep in silence, while I wander  
here my lane,  
Till we meet ance mair in Heaven, never to  
part again !

*Lady John Scott.*

CCLI. Once Again



O THAT 'twere possible,  
After long grief and pain,  
To find the arms of my true love  
Round me once again.

When I was wont to meet her  
In the silent woody places  
By the home that gave me birth,

We stood tranced in long embraces  
Mixed with kisses sweeter, sweeter  
Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me,  
Not thou, but like to thee ;  
Ah, Christ, that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

CCLII. The Mother's Visits    ❀   ❀   ❀

LONG years ago she visited my chamber,  
Steps soft and low, a taper in her hand ;  
Her fond kiss she laid upon my eye-lids,  
Fair as an angel from the unknown land :  
Mother, mother, is it thou I see ?  
Mother, mother, watching over me.

And yesternight I saw her cross my chamber,  
And soundless as light, a palm-branch in her  
hand ;



Her mild eyes she bent upon my anguish,  
Calm as an angel from the blessed land ;  
Mother, mother, is it thou I see ?  
Mother, mother, art thou come for me ?  
*Dinah M. Mulock.*

CCLIII. Memory      ✱   ✱   ✱   ✱   ✱

I HAVE a room whereinto no one enters  
Save I myself alone ;  
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,  
Where my life centres ;  
  
While winter comes and goes—oh, tedious  
comer :—  
And while its nip-wind blows ;  
While bloom the bloodless lily and warm rose  
Of lavish summer.  
  
If any should force entrance he might see there  
One buried yet not dead,  
Before whose face I no more bow my head  
Or bend my knee there ;  
  
But often in my worn life's autumn weather  
I watch there with clear eyes,  
And think how it will be in Paradise  
When we're together.

*Christina Rossetti.*

CCLIV. The Vista ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

I CAN recall so well how she would look—  
How, at the very murmur of her dress  
On entering the door, the whole room took  
An air of gentleness.

That was so long ago ; and yet his eyes  
Had always, afterwards, the look that waits  
And yearns, and waits again, nor can disguise  
Something it contemplates.

May we imagine it? the sob, the tears,  
The long sweet shuddering breath ; then, on  
her breast,  
The great, full, flooding sense of endless years  
Of heaven, and her, and rest.

*Author Unknown.*

CCLV. Echoes and Memories ❧ ❧ ❧

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory—  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the belovèd's bed ;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

*P. B. Shelley.*









